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Daily Mirror

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1904.

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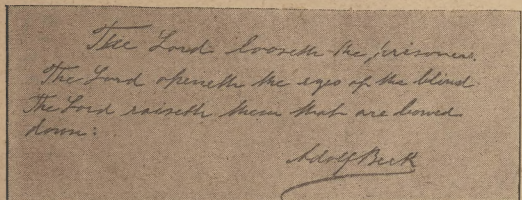
THE OPENING OF THE BECK INQUIRY YESTERDAY.



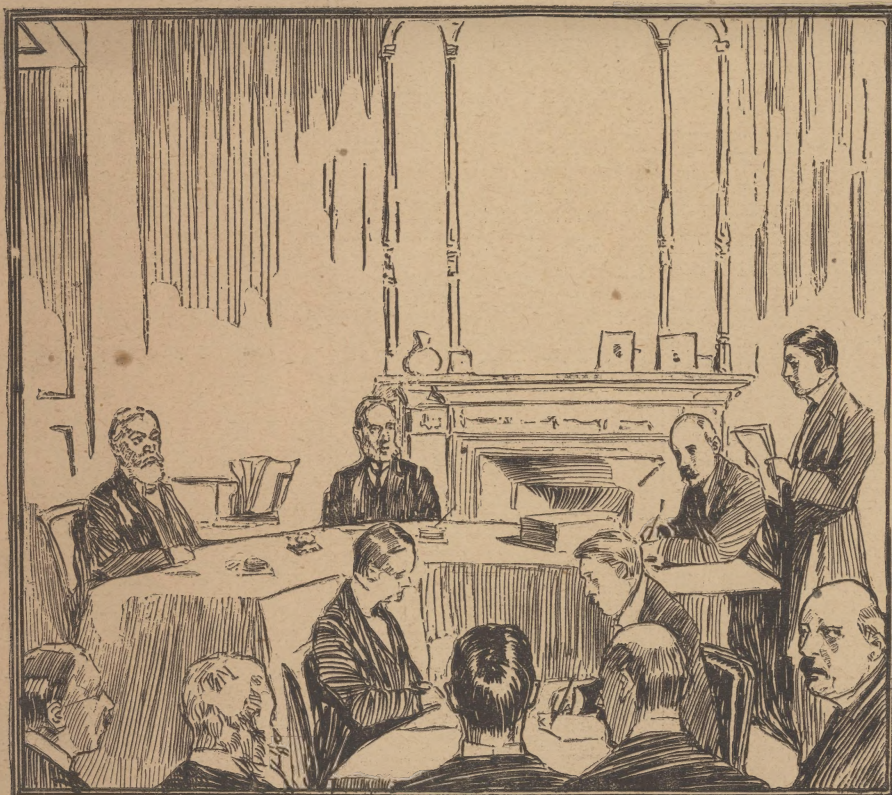
Right Hon. Sir Richard Henn Collins, Master of the Rolls, who presided yesterday over the Committee of Inquiry into the case of Adolf Beck, the innocent convict.—(Russell and Sons.)



Interested spectators waiting to gain admission to the Royal Commission House, Old Palace-yard, S.W., where the Beck inquiry was opened yesterday.



The frontispiece of Mr. George R. Sims's pamphlet, "The Martyrdom of Adolf Beck," showing Beck, on the left, and his "double," William Thomas; also a quotation from the Bible in Beck's own handwriting.



The scene at the opening of the proceedings yesterday to inquire into the circumstances of the arrests and imprisonment of Adolf Beck on charges of which he was not guilty. Sitting round the horse-shoe table are the members of the Committee of Inquiry. Reading from left to right, they are Sir Spencer Walpole, Sir Richard Henn Collins (chairman), and Sir John Edge, K.C. The gentleman on the right, standing up, is the Hon. Malcolm Macnaghten, secretary to the Committee.



Mr. George R. Sims, Beck's great advocate, and author of the interesting series of articles on the Beck case which appeared in the "Daily Mail," and are now published in book form.—(Ellis and Walery.)



Sir Forrest Fulton, K.C., the man who first tried Beck at the Old Bailey in 1896.—(Elliott and Fry.)

DAILY BARGAINS.

Miscellaneous.
9D. WILL buy 3s. 9d. worth of artistic Picture Postcards sent free; no rubbish or common ones.—Publishers, Grafton-sq., Clapham.

Miscellaneous.

50 PENNY Picture Postcards sent post free on receipt of 1s. postal order.—Fiedler and Co., Printers, South London.

1905 EDITION Universal Standard Catalogue of Postage Stamps of the World; includes issued to September, 1904; 422 pages, 2,900 illustrations. 6d. post free; stamps bought, sold, and exchanged. Whitfield, King, and Co., Ipswich.

1,000,000 USED Postage Stamps for sale; 25s. 3s.—50,000. 5s.—Shields, S. Coleman.

Wanted to Purchase.
A COLLECTION of Colonial stamps wanted; all general collection; rare stamps and official stamps all kinds; high prices given; immediate settlement.
 Edwin Healey and Co., 14, Wormwood-st, Old Broad-st.

Corsets, Corsets, Petticoats purchased.—35, Lorn-

LADIES can receive extreme value for superior ca
Clothing, Furs, etc.—Madame Salmon, 11, Hanw
Tottenham Court-rd. Appointments free.

ETING BY

APPLES.—42lb. selected Cooking or Dessert; carriage receipt P.O., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d.—Curtis, Chat Cambridgeshire.

ARE you satisfied with the quality and price of the
that you are buying? If not, write for partic
(quoting paper) of our baskets of fish (as supplied to
nobility and gentry in all parts of the country); qu

CHOICE Butter: 5lb. 7s. 6d.; cash with order.—**K**ING
The Dairy, Wells, Somerset.

CHOICE Table Poultry and genuine Fresh Butter.—**K**ING
P.O. 5s. for sample basket, carriage paid, conta-

CORNISH Clotted Cream, 1lb. 1s. 2d., 1lb. 2s.; Cakes, Macaroons, "Speciality," 1lb. 2s. 4d.; Rusks (sweatened), 10d. lb.; post free on receipt of remittance. C. Trengoon, Prince's Restaurant, Truro.

RY PRODUCE.—Fresh

Game, Rabbits, Apples, etc.; ask your grocer for "Prize Cream and Butter"; two first prizes fresh Butter, first all Cream Cheese, first Clotted Devonshire Cream "London Dairy Show."—Price List, Prideaux's Dairy Farm, Motcombe, Dorset.

6lb. 2s., 9lb. 2s. 6d., 11lb. 3s., 14lb. 3s. 6d., 21lb. carriage paid; cleaned for cooking; prompt delivery; particulars post free; selected cured fish all kinds; prime of schools and institutions should especially note.—Ad.

F (3H (fresh and cured).—Direct from the fishing boat to the consumer.—6lb. 2s., 9lb. 2s. 6d., 11lb. 3s., 3s. 6d., 21lb. 5s.; carriage paid; cleaned for cooking; &c.

FRESH (trapped) Rabbits, 2s. 6d. brace, post free, 1 lb. brown also 3s. 4d.—Mrs Bath Tregeagle P.

LARGE harvest Fowls, 4s., 3s. 6d.; fat Ducks, 4s.
Goose, 4s. 6d. each; Turkey, 5s. 6d.; trussed; post
—Miss Thompson, Priory, Ross-on-Wye.

LARGE Roasting Fowls, 3s. 6d. pair; fatted Duck 4s.; excellent Geese, 4s. 3d. each; double-breasted keys, 5s.; all trussed; post free.—Miss Mollie Don Poultry Farm, Tineel, Roscarbery, Cork.

LIVE Fish.—Basses of live Fish sent at 6lb. 2s., 2s. 6d., 11lb. 3s., 14lb. 3s. 6d.; carriage paid; cleared ready for cooking, on receipt of P.O. to the Acme Fish Grimsby Docks. (Quote paper).

PAIR Large Fowls 5s., smaller pair 4s. 6d., trussed.—
P.O., Fruin, Morden, Surrey.

PERTH Whisky de Luxe.—Two bottles "Grouse" Lie
Whisky by post 7s. 6d.—Matthew Gloag, Perth

POTATOES.—Sound, white, floury, 56lb. 2s.; 1
3s. 9d.; sacks free; receipt P.O.—Curtis, Chatteris,
bridgeshire.

POTATOES; straight from farmer; finest procur
112lb. sack, carriage paid London, receipt
order 5s.; elsewhere, 5s. 6d.; sure to please. Hill,
green Farm, Hatfield.

POULTRY—FINEST OBTAINABLE.—2 large, carefully selected Chickens 4s. 6d.; 3 small, 5s.; 1 large Old and 1 grand Pheasant, 6s. 6d.; 2 fine country Ducks, 5s.; splendid Geese 6s. each; trussed; carriage paid.—P.O. Central Supply, 25, Farringdon-st., London.

YARMOUTH BLOATERS; delicious flavour; select
1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per box; carriage forward; a
tisers 18 years.—Knights Bros., Yarmouth.

3 Jones, 421, Central Market, Smithfield.

ABSOLUTELY THE CHEAPEST AND BEST POULTRY AND GAME EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC

READERS and CO. READERS and CO. READERS and CO.

M
Two large Chickens, 4s.
Three large Chickens, 5s.
Two extra large Chickens, 5s.
Two large Ducks, 4s. 6d.

Price lists sent with all orders for Poultry and C.
Free delivery in town by our own vans twice daily. Co
orders carriage paid on receipt of P.O.
Telegrams: MAPLES, SMITHFIELD:

Telephone: 5023 Holborn.
All orders to:—
MAPLES and CO., Poultry and Game Dept., C
FAIR, SMITHFIELD, E.C.

PEAKE BROS. PEAKE BROS. PEAKE BROS.
PIONEERS OF THE POULTRY TRADE.
"THE ONLY"
Wholesale Firm that offer the Public the advantage
of buying small quantities of Poultry and Game

2 Large Specially Selected Chickens	5s. 0d
2 Fine Quality Chicken	4s. 0d

2 Selected Pheasants	6s. 0d.
A Large Norfolk Gosling	5s. 6d.
3 Plump Norfolk Partridges	4s. 6d.
Hares 3s., Ducklings 2s. 9d., Grouse 2s. 6d., Wild 2s., Widgeon 1s. 6d., Pigeons 10d., Turkey Poults 5s.,	

Grouse 1s. 3d., Plovers 9d. each. Cash with order.
Paid on Orders 4s. upwards.
Deposit accounts opened. Tel. 6,762 Central.
PEAKE BROS., 402 and 403, Central Markets, London

EDUCATIONAL.

CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE, Ramsgate.—Founded 1869. —High-class school for the sons of gentle

Army, professions, and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the 1st V.B.E.K.R. ("The Buffs"); junior school boys under 13; 48-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

Madame Barrot will give a free lecture and demonstration of her latest improved system of dress-cutting and dressmaking at her Academy, Regent House, Regent-street (near Oxford-circus) to-day (Wednesday), October 19, at 3 p.m.; ladies interested in dressmaking will find this lecture well worth attending.

STAGE Dancing and Singing thoroughly taught.—
don. 7, Gopsall-st, Hoxton; stamp reply.

Other Small Advertisements on pages 11 and 12

FAR FLUNG BATTLE LINE.

Eleven Days' Fighting and
a Sixty-mile Front.

RUSSIANS BEATEN BACK.

Failure of Renewed Russian Central
Attack.

RELENTLESS SLAUGHTER.

Both Sides Bent on Mutual
Extermination.

In spite of their contradictory nature, the most recent messages from St. Petersburg and Tokio throw a good deal of light upon the latest stage of the great battle of Sha-ho.

The success gained by the Russians at Lonely Tree Hill has had the effect of further prolonging the fighting, and swelling the terrible toll of losses.

The cheering news of the capture of a position and a number of Japanese guns was circulated through the Russian ranks, and stimulated the weary soldiers to fresh efforts.

On Monday night they fell upon the armies of the Generals Oku and Nodzu, in the centre of the battle line, with renewed vigour and undimmed courage.

The result of this last desperate effort is conveyed in a laconic telegram dispatched from Tokio yesterday afternoon.

They were everywhere repulsed with heavy loss, and retreated, leaving many corpses on the field. The Japanese guns captured by the Russians appear to number twenty-six in all.

Twelve were captured at the onslaught on Lonely Tree Hill, and to these must be added fourteen taken from General Yamada, as related in a Tokio telegram.

These two successes alone are credited to the Russians in ten days' fighting along a battle front sixty miles in length.

The beaten army is now falling back upon exceptionally strong positions south of Mukden. Meanwhile, St. Petersburg is harassed with a terrible anxiety about Port Arthur, from which no news has been received for nearly a week.

The activity of the Japanese attack, and the heavy addition to the number of siege guns, has given rise to the gravest apprehension in the Russian capital, where it is freely rumoured that the stronghold has fallen.

MONDAY'S FIGHTING.

Jap Account—Russians Repulsed
Everywhere.

TOKIO, Tuesday.—The Russians enveloped Col. Yamada's column on Sunday, and captured fourteen guns. The Russians are concentrating in front of General Oku and General Nodzu, and another great battle is expected.

8.30 p.m.—The Russians fiercely assaulted General Oku's positions, and attacked the forces of General Nodzu and General Kuroki last night.

They were everywhere repulsed with heavy loss.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN ACCOUNT—24 GUNS CAPTURED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—According to a dispatch received by the General Staff, the Russian troops, last night, advanced and drove the Japanese out of six positions, capturing sixteen guns and eight Maxim's. The battle still rages.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

BATTLE FLASHES.

At night the Chinese watch the shells bursting in the air as though they were witnessing a display of fireworks, and then quietly return home.

The battle has been the most bloody of the war. Russians and Japanese, fanatically regardless of life, accepted any chances of coming to close quarters.

In General Meyendorff's attack on Lonely Tree Hill on Sunday the Russian losses were more than 4,000 men, while a Japanese brigade was annihilated.

The character of the Japanese resistance in the battle of the Sha-ho may be judged from the statement of a correspondent that 600 bodies were counted in one of the smallest entrenchments captured.

Light to fresh S.W. winds; fair, but cloudy or foggy at first; rain by evening; very mild.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER (Lighting-up time: 5.58 p.m. Sea passages will be smooth to moderate.

PORT ARTHUR.

No News at St. Petersburg for
Five Days.

PARIS, Tuesday.—No news with regard to Port Arthur has reached the Russian capital for the past five days.

The latest telegram announced that a fierce assault on the fortress was proceeding, and bearing this in view the absence of news is regarded with much anxiety.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

HANDKERCHIEF ON A ROCK.

Soldiers' Lives Sacrificed Through a
Painful Mistake.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—A painful incident illustrates the ruthless ferocity of soldiers in the face of an imaginary act of treachery.

"Before we made our attack on the Japs," says Sergeant Kotelnikoff, of General Orloff's command, "there was a good deal of skirmishing and outpost work. We isolated a small body of Japs who were on the look-out on the spur of a hill. They fired hard as we came on, and then—as we imagined—went up a white flag.

"But when we drew near to disarm and capture them, a well-aimed volley rang out, killing and wounding five of my men. So we lay down and fired, the Japs, after talking together, firing back. At last they ceased firing, and when we were within about fifty yards of them up went another white flag. With a volley of curses our men rushed in and bayoneted the Japs without mercy.

"I confess I felt sick at this massacre, but it had to be done. Suddenly one of the men exclaimed, 'The yellowfaced didn't mean the white-flag dodge at all.' When I looked round I saw that what we imagined to be the first flag was only a Jap's handkerchief drying on the side of the rock."

RUSSIA ORDERS WELSH COAL.

A Cardiff telegram reports that upwards of 500,000 tons of Welsh coal will be shipped on Russian account to various ports in the Mediterranean, Red Sea, West Africa, and the Cape of Good Hope during October, November, and December.

The orders, which have come principally through the Hamburg-America Steamship Line, have been divided among about a dozen South Wales firms, and the coal will be shipped from Cardiff.

HORSE DROPS FIFTY FEET.

Exciting Experiences of Lord Onslow's
Riding Party.

A most extraordinary accident yesterday befell some of a party from Clearwell Castle, Colonel Alan Gardner's seat in the Forest of Dean.

Lord Onslow, Minister of Agriculture, had ridden over with his host and daughter to inspect some of the Crown property near Symond's Yat.

The hills here slope suddenly down to the River Wye, and the party had stopped to admire the view when the bank on which Miss Gardner stood gave way, precipitating horse and rider down the slope. Fortunately Miss Gardner only sustained a severe shaking and several slight cuts on the head.

Meanwhile, Colonel Gardner, who had gone to his daughter's help, let go his horse, which took fright and bounded over a bank beyond which was a sheer drop of fifty feet. Just below was a large reservoir belonging to the Symond's Yat Hotel, and the water broke the horse's fall, so that he was quite unhurt.

Had the horse jumped over the bank a few yards further on he would have fallen on the roof of the hotel and been killed.

By filling up a corner of the reservoir with stones the horse was enabled to walk safely out of the water.

WIFE MURDER IN BERMONDSEY.

A costermonger named Kingsley, of Well-street, Bermondsey, cut his wife's throat yesterday evening, the woman dying almost immediately.

Kingsley afterwards gave himself up to the police.

It is stated that the tragedy occurred as the result of a quarrel which arose whilst the couple were engaged in cleaning celery.

GIRL FALLS INTO THE SEA.

While standing by the sea at Filly yesterday morning Miss Swaby, aged twenty-five, a telegraphist at the post office, suddenly fell into the water.

She was rescued by some fishermen in a semi-conscious condition, after several waves had broken over her, and had not sufficiently recovered last night to give any account of the occurrence.

COWING AN IRISH MOB.

Brass Bands Excite the Fury of
Officious Policemen.

There was much excitement at the Riverstown Court-house, near Cork, yesterday.

The cause was the surrendering to their bail of thirty men charged with resisting police and bailiffs at the Watergrasshill evictions last week, when the defendants prodded the officials with red-hot iron bars and showered boiling water and stones on them.

Four members of Parliament were present in court—Messrs. William O'Brien, Donelan, Crean, and Sheehan—and a large force of police were in attendance guarding the approaches to the court-room.

While the case was being opened, two bands arrived outside, followed by a large crowd. The police attempted to prevent them passing the court-house, when a severe conflict ensued.

Sticks and stones were freely used, and the police charged the crowd with their staves, inflicting serious injuries.

Rushing into the court-room, a man shouted to "William" to come outside, as the police were "killing the people."

Instantly the court was emptied, Captain Donelan and some clergymen rushing into the thickest of the fray, for a time vainly attempting to stop the fight.

It is understood that at last restored, when it was found that about thirty persons had been wounded.

Mr. O'Brien went back into the court with one of the defendants who was bleeding from his head.

Inspector Rogers said the police had been set upon, but Mr. O'Brien warmly contested this statement, alleging that the people were most harmless.

Captain Donelan said he never witnessed a more deliberate attempt at murder.

The case was adjourned for six weeks, and at an indignation meeting subsequently held, the conduct of the police was warmly denounced.

THE KEY OF TIBET.

England to Retain Possession for 75
Years.

Reuter's Agency understands that there is every probability that the British will remain in occupation of the Chumbi Valley, the key of Tibet, for a period of seventy-five years.

It was originally intended that the occupation should last for three years only, by which time the indemnity of seventy-five lakhs of rupees demanded from the Tibetan Government was to be paid.

The Tibetans, however, declared their inability to meet the whole claim within the appointed term, and the proposal now before the Government, and one which meets with influential support, is that one lakh of rupees shall be paid annually, and that, until the whole indebtedness is discharged, the Chumbi Valley shall be held by the British.

It is understood that this arrangement meets with the approval of the Tibetans.

With regard to the question of the ultimate ratification of the Lhasa Convention alluded to in the recent India Office communique, it has been known for some time that a hitch had occurred, but secrecy has been maintained as to the direction where the opposition arose.

It has now transpired that at the last moment the Chinese Amban at Lhasa, who had placed no obstacle in Colonel Younghusband's way, suddenly declared at the eleventh hour that he objected to the whole proceedings, remarking further that China's suzerainty was not sufficiently recognised.

As this declaration implied a direct reversal of his previous attitude, it was assumed that he had received instructions from Peking inspired by adverse foreign influences at the Chinese Foreign Office.

Some representations were then made to the Amban, who was informed that Chinese suzerainty also implied Chinese responsibility, and it was pointed out that Great Britain had not expended a million sterling for nothing. However, the Amban did not sign the treaty.

MR. BECK TO ATTEND TO-DAY'S INQUIRY.

Late last night we were informed that Mr. Adolf Beck has resolved to attend the inquiry at Westminster to-day.

When Mr. Beck was first informed that he would not be allowed to employ counsel he said it would be useless for him to attend the inquiry, as he only spoke English with difficulty.

He has now been advised to attend the inquiry in person.

Details of the proceedings at yesterday's inquiry appear on page 5.

LADY CURZON.

The following bulletin was issued at Walmer last night.

"The favourable symptoms in Lady Curzon's condition continue."

REVOLT OF A NATION.

Tsar's Subjects Plotting the
Government's Overthrow.

ASSASSINATION URGED.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—At two o'clock in the morning, yesterday, the house of a well-to-do Moscow resident, on the Malaya Dmitrovka, was raided by the police, and 14,000 semi-revolutionary pamphlets seized.

Ever since the first battle of Liao-yang, the literature of discontent has been circulated with renewed activity all over Russia. Formerly, it was difficult to obtain copies, so carefully were they guarded. Now every second Russian, even those not "discontented," can produce specimens.

The war has been the revolutionist's best chance, and he has taken advantage of it. Three different parties are inundating the empire with inflammatory literature. The first is the party of New Nihilists, who are reviving their activity; the second, the Social Democrats; the third, the small, but resolute, party of Terrorists and aspirants to political martyrdom.

I have myself collected over a score of pamphlets, all of recent date.

One Terrorist leaflet begins with the words: "Nicholas II. is judged and convicted, his punishment will follow soon. . . . The removal of the 'Little Father' who tries to rule Russia, but cannot rule a dozen Ministers, is an act of necessity. The executionists of a people's justice are honoured, for they become martyrs. Who will remove the incubus which rests on Russia?"

"A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE."

"Long Live Freedom!" (Da zdravstvuyet Svo-boda) is the title of an "appeal to working-men." It calls for "a peaceful procession of St. Petersburg's slaves to the palaces of their master. Let there be no bloodshed if the tyrants shed no blood, but a terrible vengeance upon those who resist with force the people's will."

One of the Czarist-printed pamphlets is addressed to "Russkim soldatam," and intended for secret circulation among the troops. It is in the form of a catechism, and begins, "Why should you go to the Far East?"

"Is not the war," continues the querist, "a corrupt, bloodthirsty enterprise? . . . Should not soldiers defend their liberty at home?"

"Let every man," reads another leaflet, "who sees his Tsar driving through the streets keep on his cap and turn his head in protest."

"Let him pay no taxes, ignore the Church, which bolsters up despotism, and live his life free of the Tchinovnik's extortions and interference."

Incitements to assassination are common, especially in the leaflets printed in St. Petersburg. Most of them veil their threats, but some are outspoken. "Teis a just thing," says a leaflet headed "Ybistvo lutchy Rabstvo" (Murder is Better than Slavery), "to slay an oppressor who has himself slain thousands."

Such are the specimens of the secret literature which the war has given birth to. The police make constant arrests and constant seizures, but cannot cope with the flood, and even the Imperial palaces have been invaded by threatening words.

TIMBER-YARD ABLAZE.

Burning Building Collapses, and Fire-
man Narrowly Escapes.

Nearly forty engines and about 200 firemen were engaged yesterday on a fire in Chelsea, which at one time threatened one side of Lot's-road.

The outbreak, which occurred at the timber-yard of Messrs. Vigers, spread with incredible rapidity, and in a short time the fire zone was between sixty and seventy yards in extent, stretching to near Chelsea Creek.

Several of the firemen sustained slight injuries, and one from the Euston-road station had a miraculous escape from a shocking death.

He was standing on a tall building, playing on the burning mass, his figure silhouetted against the dull, red glow from the pit of the fire.

Suddenly building and fireman disappeared. His comrades ran to the rescue, and found him alive, but badly injured, lying in the midst of the smoking debris.

At eleven o'clock last night the fire had been mastered.

SHOT BY A RANDOM PELLET.

The Hon. Harry Lawson and his party were yesterday shooting over the Seamer Estate, rented from the Earl of Lonsdale, when Charles Shepherd, aged sixty, who was driving partridges, was shot in the eye.

He was attended to at the Scarborough Hospital, where he was advised to have the pellet removed. The doctors could not last night say whether the sight of the left eye would be destroyed or not.

During the past six months the London County Council have provided accommodation for 8,802 persons in their tenements.

FATHER OF THE HALLS

Mr. Charles Morton Dies
at Eighty-six.

SIXTY YEARS A MANAGER.

By the death of Mr. Charles Morton, the "father of the music-halls," London loses a picturesque figure.

The veteran manager was seized with an attack of weakness, probably caused by heart failure, at three o'clock yesterday morning, and the end came very speedily.

Charles Morton was born in August, 1819, and thus died in his eighty-sixth year, a fortnight after his retirement from the post he has held so long, and on the very morning that the name of his successor, Mr. Alfred Butt, was announced.

He leaves behind him the name of a man who was without enemies, a man exceedingly popular with the public and his staff, and genuinely respected by all with whom he came in contact.

Had he lived a few days longer he would have received a presentation from the board of the Palace Theatre, and arrangements were being made by his successor for a farewell matinee, at which all the principal artists would have been present.

The history of Charles Morton is to a very great extent the history of the London music-halls. For nearly sixty years he was in active management; and the music-hall as it is to-day is very largely the outcome of his prolific brain.

Opened the Canterbury.

One night, at Evans's famous supper-rooms, as far back as 1848, the idea of the modern variety entertainment entered the head of Charles Morton.

He took the Canterbury Tavern, and there ran a "free-and-easy," where each man sang his own song, and the pipes and porter were accessories to the entertainment.

Here was the original idea from which our present day "palaces" of varieties have sprung.

In 1852 Charles Morton opened the Canterbury Hall, and ten years later, after the opening of the first Oxford, he invented the "turn" system, conveying his artistes to and fro between the two halls in broughams.

"Charlie" Morton, as even in his old age everyone affectionately styled him, was connected with almost every hall of importance in London. The Alhambra, the Tivoli, the Empire had each acknowledged his sway.

He directed the Gaiety, in partnership with the late John Hollingshead—strange that the two such famous veterans in the entertainment world should have died within a few days of one another. The Lyceum he managed, too, the Standard, the Surrey, the old Her Majesty's, and Drury Lane.

His Greatest Achievement.

But it is as manager of the Palace Theatre that he will be chiefly remembered. He took up the task when he was over seventy, an age when most men's work in the world is over and done.

The situation was complicated by the apparently hopeless ill-health of the house. It was going from bad to worse, and nothing would draw audiences.

The new manager developed an entertainment that was characteristic of the Palace, and appealed to a distinct and different public. People who would not think of going to a music-hall went to the Palace.

And now to-day the premier position the hall holds is the memorial which Charles Morton has left behind him as a testimony to his energy, taste, and skill, and the extraordinary virility of his old age.

MR. MORTON'S SUCCESSOR.

The appointment of Mr. Alfred Butt to the vacant post was made in accordance with the written wish of the old manager, who had a great belief in his abilities.

"I believe in Mr. Morton's methods and ideas," said Mr. Butt to a *Mirror* representative yesterday afternoon, "and I intend to carry on the Palace on the lines he laid down."

SELL YOUR SNAPSHOTS

TO THE

"DAILY MIRROR."

Professional photographers and amateurs who do good work are invited to send photographs of news events to the "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C. If accepted and published they will be liberally paid for.

The subjects selected must have some bearing upon the news of the day. They should be taken and dispatched to this office at the earliest moment and by the quickest available method. Pictures of news events which are some days old are of no use.

Photograph railway accidents, land-slides, shipwrecks, or anything of immediate human interest, and send it to the "Daily Mirror."

THEATRICAL MATCH.

Mr. Edward Terry To Marry Sir
Augustus Harris's Widow.

The theatrical world was surprised, yesterday, by the announcement of an engagement between Mr. Edward Terry, the popular actor-manager, and Lady Harris, the widow of the late Sir Augustus Harris.

Mr. Terry, who is now touring, was interviewed by a *Mirror* representative at Birmingham yesterday, and he said that the marriage would probably take place before Christmas, so that the bride may accompany her husband during his American tour, which begins in January.

Throughout the profession the most sincere wishes for the happiness of the couple are being expressed, for Mr. Edward Terry is one of the most genial and popular of actors.

Besides founding the Actors' Benevolent Fund, and several kindred institutions, he is a life subscriber of most of the metropolitan hospitals.

Mr. Edward Terry is now in his sixty-first year. He went on the stage in 1863, and four years later made his first London appearance at the Surrey Theatre. His own theatre in the Strand was opened in 1867.

Lady Harris has, in view of the marriage, already given up her house in Avenue-road, Regent's Park. Her one daughter, Miss Florence Harris, has lately entered the theatrical profession, and is playing in the provinces.

SALVAGE OF FURNITURE.

Chelsea Fire Causes Panic Among
Inhabitants of Threatened Houses.

The whole of Lot's-road, Chelsea was threatened with destruction yesterday afternoon by one of the worst fires seen in London for some time.

Shortly after three o'clock flames were discovered at the back of Viger's timber yard, adjoining Chelsea Station, and within fifteen minutes the stacks of timber piled up were well alight.

So fierce and rapid was the spread of the flames that within half-an-hour thirty engines and 200 men were hard at work.

The flames spread beyond the timber yard, encroaching upon some ironworks adjoining, and threatened a row of dwelling-houses. Furniture and valuables were hurriedly removed, some of the men, superintended by Commander Hamilton, were concentrated on preventing the flames from reaching the houses.

But the effect of the thousands of gallons of water being poured upon the flames soon began to tell, and the fire was, after a short but desperate struggle, brought under control.

WEE KIRK WAR.

Case Too Late for the Court Is Fought
in Judge's House.

There was a striking development in the Scottish Church war yesterday.

During the afternoon counsel for the Wee Kirkers, to whom the recent decision of the House of Lords gave possession of the vast property of the Free Church, asked the Judges to make that decision operative.

Counsel for the United Free Church said he was prepared to show that the trustees of the Free Church were not in a position to administer the trust. It had been decided to take the matter to Parliament, and he asked that the case be sent for discussion.

The Court intimated it would take time to consider whether the motion to have questions argued should be granted.

Thereupon the Wee Kirkers took a drastic step. They applied for an injunction to prevent Principal Rainy delivering his opening address in the new college, which they maintained was their property.

The notice was given after the court was closed, and the Judge, after hearing counsel, refused the application for an interim injunction.

The college session will therefore be opened to-day by Principal Rainy.

LAWSUIT 175 YEARS OLD.

Ancestor's Horse and Saddle Claimed
After Two Centuries.

Our Odessa correspondent telegraphs:—"The 'Prizofsky Krai' details an extraordinary lawsuit, which has been engaging the Rostov-on-Don Courts for 175 years, and is now coming on again.

In 1729 a man named Makartseff had his horse and saddle commandeered by the Government for military purposes, duly receiving a voucher. Never having been paid, he and his descendants have since been engaged in litigation with the authorities.

The present Makartseff's statement of claim is for "compensation for my ancestor's horse and saddle, or the immediate return of the same to me."

MR. CAMPBELL'S CHARGES.

Minister Says Case Against Lan-
cashire Is Not Proven.

Arrangements are understood to be completed for the Rev. R. J. Campbell repeating his allegations against British working men to-morrow evening in Ladbroke-grove Baptist Chapel.

After Mr. Campbell has rehearsed the principal points of his article in the "National Review," replies will be made by Mr. C. Terry (Shop Assistants), Alderman Saunders, and others.

At Preston last night the Rev. William Evans, Blackpool, adverted to this bitter controversy, and characterised the charges made by the Rev. R. J. Campbell as silly and extreme.

Mr. Campbell had, he said, come across some queer working men, or else he knew little of the subject he talked about.

Speaking with twenty years' experience, he said that Lancashire working men did not deserve Mr. Campbell's abuse.

The last thing anyone could say was they were idle and unthrifty. He refuted the statement entirely that they were "foul-mouthed and immoral."

He would like to take Mr. Campbell round Oldham and show him the thrifty methods and houses owned by working men. Mill workers were as moral as any other class in the country, and so far as Lancashire was concerned Mr. Campbell's indictment was not proven.

KING AT WOOLWICH TO-DAY.

His Majesty to Inspect Artillery Bri-
gades and Cadets.

The King will, according to the latest arrangements, arrive at Woolwich this afternoon at a quarter-past twelve.

His Majesty will inspect the Artillery Brigades and subsequently visit the Royal Military Academy to inspect the cadets. Two thousand troops will line the route along which the King will pass.

Yesterday his Majesty went by motor-car to Windsor, and made a thorough inspection of the Royal Lodge, which has been granted as a residence to Sir Arthur Ellis. The old summer residence of George IV. has been thoroughly renovated and partially rebuilt.

When the workmen first went into the house they found it overrun with rats, and scores were killed. Thick cement floors had to be laid down to keep them out.

At 1.15 p.m. his Majesty left Frogmore Cottage his Majesty spent the afternoon at the Castle, where, it is understood, he discussed the arrangements made for the forthcoming visit of the King and Queen of Portugal.

Late in the afternoon his Majesty returned to London.

EATING LESS SALT.

Change of the Habits of Englishmen
Causes Distress in Droitwich.

Englishmen are eating less salt than they used to. In consequence there is much distress in Droitwich, where a large number of workers are out of employment.

A few years ago the output of the Salt Union was 2,000 tons per week; it is now only 1,000 tons, the following are the more important reasons for the decline.

The great decrease in the number of sailing vessels, and a consequent decline in the use of salt beef and pork;

The increase of refrigeration, which has brought about a decline in the use of salt by butchers;

A great improvement in the art of soap-making, by which an enormous saving of salt has been effected.

ENGLISH LOVE A QUIET GLASS.

Secluded Public-house Bars Wanted
Rather Than Open Cafes.

"Englishmen prefer their comparatively inconvenient public-houses to the well-lighted cafes of the Continent, which can be seen into from the street."

Thus, said the proprietor of many well-known public-houses yesterday, when confronted with C. P. Sisley's condemnation of the English public-house. That writer praised the well-lighted, comfortable Continental cafe, but the public-house owner said such establishments were not wanted in England.

"Englishmen," he said, "neither want to see what is going on in the streets, nor do they wish to be quizzed by a passerby."

"You may take it from me that if Continental methods would receive favour in England they would have been tried long ago."

"And before you alter the working man's public-house you will have to revolutionise the English character."

The English have a rooted objection to being seen eating or drinking."

Inquiries at A.B.C. shops and Lyons's restaurants, where there were tables by large windows, bore out this contention. The window-seats are not in favour among customers.

HEADLESS SCHOOLS.

Eton and Harrow Losing
Their Masters.

MAKERS OF STATESMEN.

England's two most famous schools will, it appears, shortly be without headmasters.

Dr. Warre, the headmaster of Eton, has resigned, and it is stated that the headmastership of Harrow is about to become vacant through the appointment of Dr. Wood, its present head, to the Deanery of Rochester, as successor to the late Dean Hole.

Dr. Warre, as man and boy, has been connected with Eton for over fifty years. He was a scholar there in the time of the Crimean war, he became assistant master in 1861, and head in 1884.

A splendid scholar and oarsman—when at Oxford he rowed in the eight—he has ruled the great school with a judicious mingling of severity and kindness.

Birched Future Peers.

He has probably birched more future statesmen, ambassadors, and noblemen than any man of his time, but he has not been so drastic in his methods as his predecessor, the famous Dr. Keate, who once flogged the whole school.

Among many other famous men who have passed through Eton in his time are:—

Poe, Arthur of Connaught.	Lord Randolph Churchill.
Duke of Westminster.	Marquis of Lansdowne.
Mr. Balfour.	Lord Curzon.
Mr. Arthur Boucher.	Lord Rosebery.
Lord Hastings.	Sir Joseph Chamberlain.
Lord Hugh Cecil.	Mr. Victor Dolep Singh.
Lord Revett.	Earl of Albemarle.
Lord Ashburton.	Duke of Manchester.
Earl Grosvenor.	Duke of Newcastle.
Earl of Lindsey.	Duke of Sutherland.
Earl of Warwick.	Marquis of Anglesey.
Duke of St. Albans.	Mr. Herbert Gladstone.
Duke of Leeds.	

Dr. Warre has a touch of sardonic humour in his character. When, some little time ago, a number of Eton boys, instead of going to see the cricket match against Winchester, set a surreptitious visit to the Sandown races, he set the culprits to write out thousands of lines of Milton's "Paradise Lost," as a punishment.

But his great sorrow as a headmaster was the fatal fire at Eton. He had been in bad health some time before this, and it is said that he has never quite recovered from the shock.

Now, in his sixty-seventh year, Dr. Warre, who is a holder of the Royal Victorian Order, is retiring to a house he has lately purchased near Wokingham.

Ran Away to Sea.

The Rev. Joseph Wood, headmaster of Harrow, is a stern disciplinarian, and believes thoroughly in the efficacy of the cane—perhaps in memory of the time when, at the age of ten, he walked to Liverpool with a brother to run away to sea. The boys were captured by an elder sister and taken ignominiously home.

His first experience as a schoolmaster, after a brilliant Oxford career, was at Cheltenham. After three years he went to Leamington, thence to Tonbridge School, where he was successful that he was appointed in 1893 successor to Dr. Weldon as headmaster of Harrow.

NEW YEAR ELECTRICITY.

Underground Railway To Be Electrified
Gradually from January 1.

"I expect that electric trains will be running on the District Railway by January 1," said Mr. Yerkes, when presiding at the general meeting of the London Electric Railways yesterday.

But he added that they would not be running through the system by that time. He said it would be impossible to take steam trains off one night and commence with electric trains next morning. The employees would not be educated to the change, signals could not be worked properly, and, therefore, it would not be safe to attempt it.

Electric trains will probably first be run from Ealing to the Mansion House.

There would be a little delay in the Baker-street and Waterloo Electric Railway owing to permanent difficulties.

A resolution authorising the directors to borrow at their discretion another £250,000 was agreed to. Mr. Yerkes explaining that the £5,000,000 already raised would leave them a little short.

POETICAL PAUPER.

It was reported to a meeting of the St. Andrew Board of Guardians that the following humorous epitaph had been written by a tramp on the walls of the casual ward:—

Here lies a poor beggar, who always was tired,
For he lived in a world where too much is required;
Friends, grieve not for me that death doth us sever,
For I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.

KING OF SIAM CONTRIBUTES.

The King of Siam has forwarded a contribution of £100 to the fund which is being raised to permanently commemorate the work of the late Sir Edwin Arnold by the foundation of scholarships at Oxford for proficiency in Oriental literature.

VOLUNTARY CONFESSION.

Youth Says He and a Mate
Strangled Miss Farmer.

Some sensation was caused yesterday by the announcement that a young man named James Fitzpatrick had made a confession to the Worthing police to the effect that he was concerned in the murder of Miss Emily Farmer at her shop in Commercial-road, London, a week ago.

It is understood, however, that the detectives who have been investigating the circumstances of the crime place no reliance on Fitzpatrick's statement. They believe him to be of weak intellect.

Fitzpatrick was taken before the Worthing magistrates yesterday and remanded, pending the arrival of a police officer from London, who would be able to test the truth of his statement.

In the confession Fitzpatrick states that he belongs to Whitechapel, and asserts that he and another man entered Miss Farmer's shop on Wednesday morning and strangled her, afterwards taking 37s. 6d. from a chest of drawers.

They parted at London Bridge, arranging to meet at Brighton, but as his companion failed to keep the appointment Fitzpatrick gave himself up at Worthing.

Victim's Funeral.

The funeral of the murdered spinster took place at Bow Cemetery, yesterday. By the advice of the police it was arranged for an early hour, and, in consequence, there were few persons present at the graveside beyond the chief mourners, Miss Farmer's two brothers.

The coffin bore the simple inscription:—

EMILY FARMER.
Died 12th October, 1904.
Aged 63 years.

Arising out of the arrest of two men, named Wade and Donovan, in connection with Miss Farmer's murder, a man named Wade made a complaint to the Thames magistrate, yesterday. He said that the prisoners were respectively his brother and half-brother, and that in consequence his employer, a Russian, had discharged him without notice. He was referred to the County Court.

MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

Box of Explosives Found Burning
in a Ship's Hold.

An alleged dastardly attempt to fire a ship on the high seas was described at Liverpool yesterday. When the British ship Gothland, belonging to Messrs. Donald Currie and Sons, was three days at sea, bound for Hamburg, an alarm of fire was raised, and on one of the hatches being removed flames and suffocating smoke burst out.

The conflagration was stopped after an hour's hard work, and it was then discovered that a box containing explosives and highly inflammable articles had originated the fire. This case, it was alleged, had been insured for a large sum, and forwarded by John W. Jago, a seaman, of Seacombe, Liverpool, who was yesterday charged with having wilfully set fire to the ship.

The box on analysis, it was stated yesterday, was found to contain, besides some clothing, papers, fire-lighters, and shavings, a quantity of resin, charcoal, and nitre. The whole contents were heavily soaked in creosote oil.

Had the box got thoroughly alight, it was added, there would probably have been a terrific explosion.

How the fire was started was a mystery. It was suggested that some rubber tubing found in the box had contained some powerful chemical, which, after burning through the rubber, set the contents of the box alight.

The prisoner was committed for trial.

PARTED AFTER THE WEDDING.

A young woman, named Flora Conrad, who summoned her husband at Clerkenwell, yesterday, for desertion, stated that after the wedding he sent her home to her mother. She had never lived with him.

As this proved there had been no desertion the magistrate dismissed the case.

OFFICIALDOM AND MR. BECK.

Why the Home Office Did Not Accept His Plea of
Innocence Years Ago.

"It is conceivable," said Sir R. Henn Collins, the Master of the Rolls, "that a Judge can make a mistake, and it is conceivable that it might not fall within the jurisdiction of the Home Office to consider and review it. If a Judge has refused to give an opportunity to another Court to consider it, there is in our system a lacuna which ought to be filled up."

"Yes."

"There is no means of testing a judicial decision if the Judge does not state a case?"

"No!"

These sentences of a dialogue which took place yesterday between the chairman of the Beck Inquiry Committee and Sir Keneil Digby, the Permanent Secretary of the Home Office, summed up in a few words one of the most important causes of the lamentable martyrdom of an innocent man.

The mansion now known as the Royal Commissions House, Old Palace-yard, Westminster, where the Committee of Inquiry held its first sitting yesterday, was once the residence of Mr. Labouchere. In a spacious upstairs room at a horse-shoe table sat three grave-faced, frock-coated gentlemen—the Master of the Rolls, Sir Spencer Walpole, and Sir John Edge, K.C., late Chief Justice of the North-Western Provinces of India—to whom had been deputed the unravelling of the causes which had led to the grave miscarriage of justice in the case of Mr. Adolf Beck.

The case of Adolf Beck, which has caused this investigation, needs only the briefest of summaries.

For Another Man's Crimes.

It will be remembered that in the year 1887 a man named Smith was prosecuted for, and convicted of, obtaining jewellery from women. In the early days of 1896 Mr. Adolf Beck, a Norwegian gentleman, was arrested on charges of an exactly similar character, and convicted at the Old Bailey.

Mr. Gill, K.C., who defended, endeavoured to bring forward the plea that these crimes were the work of the man Smith, but the evidence as to similarity of handwriting in the two cases was declared by the Common Serjeant to be inadmissible. So Mr. Beck was convicted, and the crime of Smith was treated as a previous conviction.

Petitions from the unhappy prisoner reached the Home Office, but with no result, and he served his sentence.

But during the time he was in prison a strange discovery was made. Smith, who was in prison again, alleged that he belonged to the Jewish faith. This was found to be physically true. But Mr. Beck is not a Jew.

It was obvious, therefore, that Beck was not Smith, so the record of the previous conviction was deleted, and from Mr. Beck's convict garb was removed the insignia of a previous offence.

It was in the early part of this year that Mr. Beck was arrested again upon the same charge of robbing women. He was convicted in spite of the most strenuous fight. Sentence was reserved by Mr. Justice Grantham.

Then a miracle happened. The man Smith was arrested, and found to be the real author of all these crimes. He was convicted, and, to Adolf Beck, came at last a free pardon and an offer of compensation. The latter he spurned as inadequate, and the whole circumstances of this tragedy, coupled with a newspaper crusade in the cause of justice, has prompted the inquiry which commenced yesterday.

Only one figure was missing in the green-tinted room where yesterday's inquiry was held. Mr. Adolf Beck, the cause of the whole proceedings,

was absent. He had not been allowed the right to be represented by counsel. A foreigner, only speaking English with difficulty, he had seen in this disability a blow to the proper hearing of his case, and stood aloof from the scene.

The proceedings commenced with the reading of the warrant for the Committee of Inquiry by the Secretary of the Committee, the Hon. Malcolm Macnaghten.

Then came the first of the Home Office witnesses. This was Mr. C. E. Troup, of the Home Office. In reply, matter-of-fact tones, he read the history of the case and gave a resume of the petitions which the unhappy prisoner had sent or caused to be sent to his department.

Four Petitions Refused.

These petitions, the witness said, were compared with the reports from the Criminal Court, and there was thought to be no grounds for interference.

Four petitions were sent in by the prisoner in 1897. They were all refused. But in 1898 steps were taken to verify the assertion that Adolf Beck and John Smith were not the same person. Records of the two were made.

Even the Home Office were forced to admit that Adolf Beck and John Smith were not the same person, but the only result was that Beck was given a new convict number. But petitions brought no interference with the sentence, and in 1901 they ceased.

Sir Keneil Digby, who was Permanent Secretary for Home Affairs in 1896, next gave evidence.

He dealt with the usual procedure of the Home Office with regard to prisoners' petitions. A memorandum he produced was read.

He repudiated the view that the Home Office should be a sort of Court of Criminal Appeal.

Speaking from memory he believed at the time that he was of the opinion that if the defence in the Beck case had had a strong case of mistaken identity they would have relied upon it more fully. This, and the existence of overwhelming evidence in support of the charges, he believed made the case against interference, a most strong one. He doubted if there had ever been a more strongly-proved case by direct identification.

The examination of this witness by the Master of the Rolls was of a most suggestive character, and resulted in the pregnant sentences which commence this report.

He obtained the admission that it was most likely on the evidence that the crimes had been committed by one man.

Remarkable Admission.

He obtained the admission that the fact that whereas ten women swore to Beck twelve could or would not do so was a fact which would have no great weight with the department.

Mr. C. S. Murdoch, late Assistant Under Secretary, spoke about his connection with the case. He admitted that his view of Beck's innocence had been to some extent prejudiced by the action of the Swedish Minister, who seemed to cease to take any interest in Beck's case.

This witness said he believed that there was a rule now that if the police had any idea that a man had been previously convicted, they were to apply to the prison authorities for his thumb-prints. But in the time of Mr. Beck's convictions these rules did not obtain.

At this point the inquiry adjourned until to-day. Both in the intervals and at the end of the proceedings the Commissioners examined the portraits of the "doubles" with interest.

A copy of "The Martyrdom of Adolf Beck," containing the special articles by Mr. G. R. Sims, and the official reports of the Old Bailey trials, will prove of great service in following the reports of the Beck Inquiry. The pamphlet can be obtained at all newsagents and bookstalls, price threepence.

"MONSTER" OF THE WOODS.

Negro's Heavy Sentence for a Series
of Brutal Assaults.

"I regard you as a wicked and violent monster," said Mr. Justice Bigham at the Old Bailey yesterday, in sentencing Charles Harrison, a negro, for a series of murderous assaults committed in Highgate Woods during the evening of August Bank Holiday.

Miss Birtnell Curzon and a young man named Ernest Olive were walking through the woods when the former caught a glimpse of the face of a black man, who was peering through a hedge. Shortly afterwards both of them were set upon from behind and brutally assaulted. They were subsequently found in an unconscious condition, and for a time Miss Curzon's life was despaired of.

During the same evening another young man was stabbed in the head, receiving a dangerous wound. It was proved yesterday that all the assaults were committed by Harrison, who described himself as a ship's fireman, from Buffalo, U.S.A.

The prisoner laughed and talked with his gaolers during the hearing of the case, and only assumed a serious expression when he heard that he was to spend ten years in penal servitude.

IGNORED JAM TART.

Boy Burglar Describes His
Adventures.

Three daring burglaries at Watford during the past summer, two of them committed on the same morning, are alleged to have been the work of a sixteen-year-old boy, named William Norman Halsey, who lived in the town.

A remarkable confession, which he made to the police after his arrest, was read in the Hertford Quarter Sessions Court at St. Albans yesterday. It contained a statement that he broke into a beer-shop on June 8, but was frightened by a dog and dropped two chisels which he had stolen from a house at Finner.

"I thought I would try the grocer's shop," the confession continued. "I got in the pantry window. There were a lot of things there and some jam tart, but I didn't take that. I took some money, a tobacco pouch, some cigarettes, and a pair of boots. I went out by the back door and went home."

Halsey admitted that he also broke into another grocer's shop on July 27.

Halsey was sent for trial.

TRUE BILL AGAINST HOOLEY.

Solicitor - General Will Appear to
Prosecute at Next Sessions.

The Grand Jury at the Old Bailey yesterday returned true bills in the cases of Ernest Terah Hooley and Harry John Lawson, who are indicted on a charge of conspiracy to defraud. The trial was adjourned until the next sessions for the convenience of the Solicitor-General, who will appear to prosecute.

Upon the application of counsel for the defence, Mr. Justice Bigham postponed the hearing of the charge against the Tottenham cripple, Albert James Holmes, who is accused of murdering his baby nephew with a poker.

The hearing of the conspiracy charges against Slater, Osborn, Henry, and three other defendants in connection with the Pollard divorce suit will commence on Tuesday next, before Mr. Justice Darling.

GUESTING THE COSTERS.

Attempt To Drive Them from London
Streets.

Mr. Plowden, in the absence of independent evidence, expressed himself decidedly in favour of the Harrow-road costermongers yesterday, when eight adjourned summonses for obstruction were down for hearing.

One of the witnesses, the landlord of the Ben Jonson public-house, was decidedly in favour of the costermongers being allowed to remain.

Mr. Plowden: So far as your own profits are concerned, you would miss the costermongers if they went away?—Certainly, as customers.

Mr. Plowden: Fish provokes thirst, and that thirst is quenched at the nearest house. As long as the costermongers are there you rely upon a slight, permanent thirst.

Two of the costermongers said they had presided at stalls on the spot in question for forty years—before the cattle plague, in fact.

Another defendant had been at one of the stalls since his childhood. "Born there, I suppose," remarked Mr. Plowden.

A witness for the prosecution said the litter caused by the costermongers cost the ratepayers £300 a year.

Mr. Plowden again adjourned the summonses to enable him to visit the locality and to consider his decision.

MORE FEMALE "SHYLOCKS."

Judge Emden remarked during the hearing of a case at Lambeth County Court yesterday that there was not the least doubt the number of women moneylenders had increased since the new Act as to moneylending came into operation.

In the case of Ernest John Dacre, charged with stealing the money on him he married in Australia, the Old Bailey jury, yesterday, by direction of the Common Serjeant, found the prisoner not guilty. Dacre had returned to his wife the balance of the money found upon him.

CHILDREN
TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. per bottle.

Immense Reduction.

V. SAMUEL & CO.'S
CELEBRATED LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
GUINEA KEYLESS WATCHES.
REAL SILVER.

REDUCED TO

10/6

THREE YEARS' WRITTEN GUARANTEE.

SPLENDID TIMEKEEPERS.

26, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. (nr. Bank).

GENE POST HORN.

UNINTENTIONAL GENEROSITY.

Singular Story of the Gift of a £1,000
Bank Note.

A charge of fraud of an extraordinary character was opened at Bristol Police Court yesterday.

Recently Bristol University College received anonymously a Bank of England note for £1,000, and the gift was publicly acknowledged.

Soon after this the college treasurer received a letter signed "William Peeploe Hartford," and dated "10, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn," stating that by an unaccountable error he had forwarded to the college £1,000, which he had intended to pay into his bank, and had paid into his bank the £100 he had contemplated donating to the institution.

The result of inquiries which were immediately instituted was that the man in question was charged yesterday with attempting to obtain £900 by false pretences. The accused, who gave a denial to the allegations, was remanded for a week.

From the Thames Shipbuilding Company's yard the cruiser *Sham Prince* will be launched on Tuesday, November 8.

NEWS IN BRIEF FROM TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Prisoners in the first two charges at Bow-street yesterday were named Alice Beck and Mary Doubie.

Newbiggin Hall, near Blanchland, Northumberland, the seat of Mr. Edward Joicey, has been burned to the ground.

Jupiter is now, as occurs once in every twelve years, only 400,000 miles distant, and can be observed before midnight with telescopes of quite moderate power.

OLD SEAMEN'S CHURCH.

St. Matthias' Church, Poplar, where a remarkable harvest festival has been concluded, was built by the old East India Company for the use of the officers and men of their vessels when in port.

As becomes a seamen's church, the galleries have for supports old ships' masts.

ENGLAND ON WHEELS.

During the last season the sale of bicycles in England has beaten all records, said Lord Ernest Seymour yesterday at Birmingham, presiding at the annual meeting of the Enfield Cycle Company.

That the cycle business has vast possibilities for profitable business is shown by the Enfield Company, with a capital of £125,000, having made over £20,000.

WHERE THEY LIVE LONG.

Lingwood workhouse, Norfolk, is evidently a healthy spot, for it was reported yesterday that out of a total of sixty-two inmates, fifty-one averaged seventy-seven years of age, their combined ages being 3,925 years.

Of the other eleven, five were incapacitated, one was imbecile, and two were cripples, only three being capable of work.

BURGLAR'S FIRST ATTEMPT.

"I am not a regular burglar. This is my first attempt, and I want to be locked up," remarked a groom, named William Harrison, when found in the Star Hotel, at Derby, at a quarter to four in the morning.

His methods betrayed the amateur, for he had started the house-dog barking, knocked over several bottles, and succeeded in arousing not only the household but the neighbourhood.

NEW WINTER PASTIME.

Dr. W. G. Grace will shortly introduce at the Crystal Palace a new innovation to the old pastime of bowling in which cocoa-nut matting takes the place of the ordinary green.

To obviate the rinks playing too keen a slight dressing of sand will be applied, whilst to ensure as level play as possible the matting will be laid over a bed of clay. The rinks will be indoors, and under electric light for play at night.

COMMON TOWN NAMES.

It is not generally known that under a new regulation the Post Office, where a telegram is addressed to a town which is not the only one of the same name, will wire the name of the county in which it is situate free of charge.

That this concession was urgently required may be gathered from the fact that there are in this country twenty-two Burtons, twenty-one Castletons or Castletons, twenty-one Waltons, fifteen Newports, eleven Winterbournes, and ten Walthams.

NEXT TERM ACTIONS.

There are 738 King's Bench actions set down for hearing at the coming Michaelmas law sittings, compared with 706 at the corresponding period of last year.

In this list there are thirty-six libel and slander actions entered, twenty-three being in the special and thirteen in the common jury list.

Of breach of promise cases there are but five for hearing, one being in the special and four in the common jury list. The trial of King's Bench actions will be commenced on Tuesday next.

KING'S BAD BARGAIN.

Although only nineteen years old, Albert Henry Wright, on appearing before the Rotherham magistrates, said he had given himself up to the police as he was unable to find work.

He had been in the Navy, and was discharged for feebleness in the left arm. He had joined the York and Lancaster Regiment and been discharged for weakness of the heart, and he had enlisted in the Coldstream Guards and been discharged as unlikely to become an efficient soldier.

As he had enlisted under different names and made other false statements he was remanded for inquiries.

ZEALOUS CHIEF CONSTABLE.

When a police constable stepped into the dock at Stockport Police Court the clerk thought he had made a mistake, and motioned him to the witness-box.

He, however, explained he was summoned by the Chief Constable for allowing the police-station chimney to be on fire.

Asked by the magistrates what he wished done to him the Chief Constable said, "Fine him."

To the amusement of the Court the policeman was then fined 2s. 6d., which he had to pay out of his wages as a warning to carefully observe the local health regulations in the future.

Strawberries in excellent condition and flavour were gathered yesterday at Windsor from plants growing in the open.

Fourteen thousand pounds' weight of leaf is the crop of the twenty-acre tobacco farm at Randsland, co. Meath.

Speaking at Manchester yesterday Sir Wilfrid Lawson said the teetotal party would work for the repeal of the Licensing Act.

In succession to the late W. F. J. Webster, Mr. Philipot, admitted a solicitor in 1874, has been appointed a taxing master of the Supreme Court.

Captain Seymour, salmon fishing for the first time, has caught, in the Duke of Roxburghe's Sprouton water, on the Tweed, a fish weighing 47lb., the heaviest from that river for years.

MOTOR DRIVING FOR BARRISTERS.

During the hearing of a case at Lambeth County Court yesterday to recover damages for a street accident caused by the alleged negligent driving of a motor-car, Judge Emden advised counsel for the defence, Mr. Thorne Drury, B.L., to take lessons in motor driving.

His Honour continued: I am perfectly serious. Cases of this kind are rapidly increasing in the courts, and no counsel can conduct such cases properly unless he knows something of motor driving.

Mr. Drury: We are fortunate in having your Honour's knowledge as a motor driver.

Judge Emden: I find that knowledge invaluable in these cases.

FUNERAL OF MR. HOPWOOD, K.C.

Numbers of distinguished people attended the funeral, at Golden's Hill Crematorium, Finchley, yesterday, of the late Mr. Charles Henry Hopwood, K.C., Recorder of Liverpool.

Among them were the Rev. Canon Hopwood and Mr. J. P. Hopwood, brothers of the deceased; Sir Francis Hopwood, K.C.M.G., Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade; Mr. F. Hopwood, Mr. John Rowland Hopwood, Mr. Alexander Paul, representing the National Anti-Vaccination League, of which Mr. Hopwood was chairman; Mr. Richard Harris, K.C.; and Dr. Blake Odgers, K.C.

WEE KIRK'S WINDFALL.

By the will of Mr. Peter Mackinnon, of London and Argyllshire, the "Wee Kirk's" funds will benefit to the extent of over £125,000.

The testator belonged to the United Church, and undoubtedly had it in his mind when he made his will in 1897 that his legacies would fall to that body, but under the House of Lords' judgment the rival Church claims the windfall.

It is expected that this particular case will be one of the first of the numerous actions to be brought by the United Church in their endeavours to save some portion of their property.

PROFESSIONAL BIDDERS' HARVEST.

As a rule the goods of passive resistors fetch at auction a sum quite nominal to their value, only, in fact, sufficient to pay the exact amount of the education rate owing.

In the north of England professional bidders have not been slow to turn these comedy sales to their profit. Their procedure is to bid against the accredited agent of the register and so become possessed of some family heirloom or piece of plate at a ridiculously low price. After the sale they approach the register and offer to take five or ten shillings for their bargain.

ELTHAM COINCIDENCES.

Eltham, an outer suburb of London, possesses among its inhabitants many curiosities of nomenclature.

The postmistress is Miss Stampe. The headmaster of Pope-street Board schools is named Gregory. The registrar of deaths is Mr. Mortis, and Mr. Cook is a leading baker.

The top of an eminence is known as Lemon Well, while the bottom is called Avery Hill. Appropriately enough, the eighteen-hole golf course is known as the Warren.

In the past month 1,786 lost dogs were taken to the "Home" in the Battersea Park-road.

Nelson's column is again to be decorated in honour of Trafalgar Day. The work commenced yesterday.

Miss Nora Hastings is forming a social and dramatic club, concerning which communications may be addressed to the hon. secretary, 9, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.

MAMMOTH CONGREGATION.

Westminster Roman Catholic Cathedral now attracts the largest congregation in London.

A census taken on Sunday showed a total of 5,371 persons attending the various services, which is unapproached by any other place of worship, with the exception of the City Temple.

A WEST COUNTRY WELCOME.

Dartmouth's Mayor and Corporation, in conjunction with the naval training ship Britannia, will to-day entertain the officers and men of the United States cruiser Cleveland at dinner and a ball.

This vessel has been detached from the United States squadron at Gravesend in response to an official invitation.

WINTER SWIMMING.

As an experiment the Lambeth Borough Council will keep open during the winter the smaller ladies' bath in the Lambeth-road for the exclusive use of men bathers.

It is expected that swimming and polo clubs will take advantage of the innovation for winter practice and matches.

FOOTBALLER'S DISAPPEARS.

Sensation has been caused in Scottish football circles by the disappearance of Angus Campbell, of the Glen Albion club.

Since playing against the Partick Athletic club he has not been seen or heard of. He is of slight build, 5ft. 8in. high, with fresh complexion and dark hair, and is clean shaven.

BLACKING OUT BETTING.

Bermondsey Borough Council will continue to obliterate the betting news from papers displayed in their public library.

As an experiment this has been done for the past three months, with the result that a very undesirable class of reader who used to monopolise the daily papers have now disappeared from the reading rooms.

CITY MARSHAL CANDIDATES.

The officers and clerks committee of the City Corporation yesterday reduced the number of applicants for the City Marshal vacancy to six, and a final selection will be made, probably to-morrow, by a full Court of Common Council.

The names of the six officers selected are: Captain Keams, Major Greenway, Major Young, Captain C. H. Parsons, Captain Green, and Major Smyly.

SWAYING MOTOR-CAR.

In a charge at Burley against Thomas S. Smith, a Haslingden jeweller, for being drunk when driving a motor-car, the evidence of a policeman was convincingly picturesque.

He described the car swaying from one side of the road to the other, and finally helplessly backing into a brick wall.

A fine of £2 was inflicted, with endorsement of licence.

WATCH IN POTATO BED.

Last April a ploughman named Clark, at Moulton Chapel, near Spalding, lost his watch whilst at work.

He had just been ploughing up potatoes in the same field, and, to his surprise, the watch turned up with a root of potatoes—very little the worse for its six months' burial.

After cleaning the outside the ploughman wound it up, and, to his amazement it commenced going as usual.

"LET ME CONGRATULATE

You on the Beauty of your PORTRAIT MINIATURES.

There is only one word for them—**SUPERB**," writes

Mr. James Leach, of Wood View, Ardsley, Barnsley.

Until you have called at the "Daily Mirror" Office, 45, New Bond Street, and seen these beautiful little portraits you can form no idea of their real excellence. No photograph, however perfect, can give such a lifelike and realistic likeness as a "Daily Mirror" Miniature. Their delicate water-colour tints give them a highly polished ivory effect. Each Miniature is mounted in a neat rolled gold frame, and is delivered to you in a silk and velvet-lined case.

PENDANTS, 2/11. (Postage 2d. extra.) BROOCHES, 3/3.

When writing don't forget to state definitely whether you require Pendant or Brooch. For Double Pendants, i.e., with photographs on both sides, the cost is only 1s. extra.

HOW TO SEND FOR THE MINIATURES.—Post photograph and particulars as to colour of hair, eyes, complexion, and dress. The photograph will be returned unharmed. Postal Orders to be crossed Coutts and Co., and sent with photographs to the Miniature Department, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carnarvon Street, London, E.C.

DOGS OF HIGH DEGREE.

Human Characteristics of Exhibits at the Crystal Palace.

At the Kennel Club Dog Show, now taking place at the Crystal Palace, there are 3,240 exhibits. After looking at 3,240 dogs two impressions strike the observer.

The first is that distinguished dogs are less ugly than they used to be. Formerly dog fanciers were like Fiji Islanders—they judged beauty from other standards than those of the ordinary man. The higher the prize, the more abnormally hideous the dog.

But this year the prize dogs are more pleasant to look at.

The second conviction is that these valuable dogs are growing very like human beings. Each breed of dog strangely resembles some class of men. The big dogs—bloodhounds and St. Bernards especially—look like politicians. They have creases over the eyes, which give them a settled expression of boredom. The finer specimens sit with an air of vacuous resignation, looking at the judges.

The deerhounds and greyhounds are more interested in life. They remind one of legal gentlemen, shrewd and resourceful.

There are some splendid English sheepdogs. Their heads are like nops, and they remind one of sages or scientists. They are blinded by skins of hair, which hang in front of their eyes.

As to the ladies' dogs. These chatter the time away. They give little piercing barks, and then look to see what effect they have made.

One æmemic Italian greyhound is particularly ladylike. It is like round the eyes, and looks as though it were about to faint.

CORNERING APPLES.

Why English Fruit Gives Place to Foreign in Suburban Shops.

The English apple appears to be disappearing before its Canadian and Californian rivals from all shops except those of the highest class.

Although this year's apple crop is exceptional both in quality and quantity, good English apples are not procurable from suburban shopkeepers or at the ordinary restaurant.

The explanation supplied by Covent Garden is a simple one.

Foreign growers are more careful that their fruit shall be even in quality, and, although inferior to the best English kinds, the average is higher.

For this reason American apples commend themselves more readily to the buyer in bulk, who, in his turn, supplies the ordinary retailer.

Another factor in explaining the scarcity of English apples is the attempt of the English fruit speculators to hold their stocks and make better prices later on.

The prices made by English growers at the present time are ludicrously low. Good sound pears, in ordinary times worth 10s. a cwt, have been sold for fruit brokers for a mere song.

One trader complains he got 10d. a hundredweight for the fruit he sent to market.

"In regard to the quality and condition of English fruit," said a salesman at Covent Garden to a *Mirror* representative, "bad gathering and packing is the curse of the trade. The inferior apples and pears ought not to be sent to market six days a week, and everybody would benefit."

"Amateur growers have increased of late years, but fruit-growing is a business requiring experience, and not a mere book knowledge."

LITTLE BROWN CASKS.

Judges Take Forty Sips of Beer Each and Then Award Prizes.

Along one side of the Agricultural Hall's "minor hall" there were ranged yesterday 174 little brown casks fitted with taps.

In the casks were 174 different kinds of beer, the crème de la crème of one hundred breweries. Wasn't that a pretty sight to set before sixteen brewers?

The engrossing interest of the situation was the fact that the sixteen brewers were generally supposed to be going to drink up the whole contents of the 174 barrels of beer, and then award prizes to each variety of beer according to its kind, proclaiming it a champion of the twenty-sixth Brewers' Exhibition.

They approached their task, these sixteen genial, freck-coated gentlemen, each carrying a tasting-glass of attenuated dimensions, and not a bit like the tankards that the occasion seemed to demand. Directly these glasses were noticed an eager audience realised that the brewers were about to miss their opportunities.

And so the brewers did. They sipped where they might have quaffed, and some of them merely rinsed their mouths with the crème de crème.

So apathetic were they that from time to time they deserted the taps and partook of morsels of bread and cheese from a table just within their barricade.

But though they failed to drink up the beer, each of them had at least forty sips—and they adjudicated the prizes.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are
at CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1904.

POLICY WITH A PIN.

IF Germany wants to be friends with England she takes a curious way of showing it.

Ever since King Edward went to Kiel most of the German newspapers have agreed in saying that the supposed ill-feeling between the two nations was a thing of the past. Yet Germany is at present acting in such a way as to put her protestations of friendship in a very odd light.

She is, in fact, doing all she can to prevent us from reaping any benefit from our expedition to Tibet. The treaty which was made at Lhasa between Great Britain and the Tibetan authorities has to be formally approved by China, which has a formal suzerainty over the land of the lamas. Germany is working hard in an underground way to induce the Chinese to refuse their approval.

She has no interests whatever in Tibet. She cannot pretend that the treaty affects her in any degree. The only conceivable motive for her action is the desire to stand in Britain's way. That she will succeed we do not fear. But we are bound (in diplomatic language) to "take note" of what she is doing.

Britons have no desire to be on anything but good terms with the German nation. It is difficult, however, to be on good terms with anyone who persistently runs long pins into tender parts of your body. In time, it even becomes impossible. We hope Germany will reconsider her pin-prick policy before that time arrives.

FORTUNES TO BE MADE.

THE immediate success of the new "Popular Restaurant" makes one wonder whether it would not be worth while to popularise some other of our institutions.

The idea of this restaurant is to sell pleasant, well-cooked food as cheaply as possible, assuming that a large number of people will buy it. You can get there for a small sum meals which not long ago you could not get under a large one. And the reason of this is that while the dear restaurants were for the few this cheap one is for the many. Now why not apply this principle elsewhere?

For instance, why not start hotels which should enable people of moderate purses to enjoy hotel life occasionally? Thousands of Englishmen and English women would spend frequent week-ends in the country and at the seaside if they could find somewhere both cheap and comfortable to stay. At present the cheap places are not comfortable, and the comfortable places are anything but cheap. Luxury would not be required. Simplicity ought to be the dominant note in decoration and furniture. Meals should be interesting, but not elaborate. If a company were founded to erect hotels on these lines in a number of popular spots, we have no doubt whatever that good dividends would speedily be earned.

Again, why not a "popular" theatre? For a good, reserved seat in our central theatres you have to pay either 10s. 6d. or 7s. 6d. If you are not inclined to do that, the only thing is to try and secure a seat in the pit. Now, the class of people who are making the Popular Restaurant a success do not care about standing for an hour or two, and then crushing in through a narrow door, and then waiting half an hour for the performance to begin.

Why not provide them with a theatre where they could for half the present prices get comfortable, reserved seats with a good view of the stage from every one? Of course, the stereotyped reply is that it would not pay. All we have to say to that is, Try it.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right use of strength; and strength is not used rightly when it only serves to carry a man above his fellows for his own solitary glory. He is greatest whose strength carries up the most hearts by the attraction of his own.—H. W. Beecher.

FALSIFYING THE SCALES.



Mr. Beck is put at a great disadvantage by not being allowed to employ counsel to state his case to the Committee, which began its sittings yesterday. So much does he feel this decision that he is not appearing before the Committee at all.

"A. A." AND "R. K."

The Poet Laureate Pays Mr. Kipling the Tribute of Imitation.

THE Poet Laureate has written a poem for the "Standard" on the War in the Far East. He describes how the "granite Muscovite ranks" have been "shattered and scattered like drifting snow," and then ends up as follows:—

And the strong young Child of a yet young Sire keeps watch, but with war-flag furled,
And British sentinels motionless stand at the fortress gates of the world;
And the ravishing sloth slinks snow-ward more, with the feet of Fate on its heel,
While Nemesis nears fraud-pilfered Port with narrowing knots of steel,
And still up in Heaven reigns Right Divine, still wields the sceptre and rod,
And worshippers throng to Buddhist shrines praising the will of God.

There seems no reason why Mr. Austin should have stopped here. For example, his poem might continue:—

And the legal Three, for all men to see, are trying the case of Beck,
While somewhere shrinking in sheer surprise sits a timid and trembling 'tec.
Vindictive vicars with vigour vent their venom on afternoon tea,
And the dramatist's dancing-doll is deemed a "thing we all must see."
And still as the Light gives place to Night comes hunger for steak or for chop,
And thousands wait till the hour is late at the door of the Lyons "Pop."

A SOUND BUSINESS FACT.

The Sentimental Man: I can't understand a young fellow like Smith marrying a woman old enough to be his mother.

His Practical Friend: My dear boy, when a man's hard up and wants to cash a bank note, he don't trouble to look at the date of it.—The Bystander.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Dr. Warre, the Retiring Headmaster of Eton College.

AFTER being headmaster of the most famous school in the world for twenty years he has decided to retire.

Almost his whole life has been identified with Eton. His early schooldays were spent there, and almost directly after leaving Oxford he returned as an assistant master, rising in time to his present position.

Even now, at the age of sixty-seven, he is a hale and strong man, and seems capable of the rowing feats for which he is as famous as for his scholarship.

For three years he rowed in the Varsity Boat-race, and might have rowed a fourth, but there was no race that year. Many are the Eton boats he has coached, and for years he was the principal coach of the Oxford crew.

To this day he takes practical interest in the sport, and only three years ago the race was won in a boat of his designing.

He is no longer the shot or the fisherman he was, but he is a thorough sportsman at heart.

Volunteering has always had his keenest support. The Oxford Rifle Corps and the Eton Cadet Corps were both founded by him.

Exactly what it is gives him his power and popularity it would be hard to say, but his word is, and always has been, law to all who hear it. The task he has set himself is to train up not only scholars, but gentlemen, and to teach the coming man to "know his place and keep it," whatever it may be.

And he has done so to the satisfaction of everyone. Eton men will tell you that he is always just, though "only an average exponent with the birch."

PRACTICAL.

"There are a few points in naval construction that I'd like to study before ordering this new battleship," said the Grand Vizier.

"That is easily arranged," said the Sultan. "We'll irritate some of the other nations a little and have them send their navies around for inspection again,"—Washington Star.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Rev. Edward Lyttelton, brother of the Colonial Secretary, and headmaster of Haileybury, is rumoured as successor to Dr. Warre. Like all the Lytteltons, he is a famous cricketer, and has edited a book on his favourite game, and captained the Cambridge eleven. His brother, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, was at one time a celebrated wicketkeeper, and was also tennis champion for thirteen years.

Though he will never see sixty again, Mr. Edward Terry, the actor, who has just become engaged to the widow of the late Sir Augustus Harris, of Drury Lane fame, must not be judged by his years. He might really be forty, instead of sixty. Popular as he is now, it is in the burlesques of years ago that one likes to think of him. In those days he was famous for the agonised way in which he delivered execrable puns. The visible pain with which he announced—

"Drive him away! Oh, what a horrid shindy—
That Ethiopian 'neath the opian (open) windy"
—will never be forgotten by those who saw him in "The Pilgrim of Love."

Another terrible pun, which always evoked groans of part ecstasy and part anguish from every part of the house, was in "The Forty Thieves." Something had been said by someone as to Mr. Terry being drawn somewhere by a camel, and he retorted: "What? Camel? Camel! Draw me? Draw me, dare he?" (Dromedary.) No wonder both he and the audience groaned.

NEW USE FOR FIGS.

Mr. Justice Grantham, who is spending his holidays in educating the youthful mind upon his country estate, is noted for his habit of giving advice on the least provocation. He has occasionally got himself into very hot water by doing so from the bench, but I doubt if he ever realised his mistake so fully as he did on the occasion when he volunteered some advice to a north-country workman of sporting tastes.

It happened in a railway carriage. Mr. Justice Grantham overheard the following conversation: "Ay, mon, and foine little poops they was, tew, I giv' thirty bob apiece for 'em, and foine and well they turned out." At the next station the Judge and the labourer who had made this remark were left alone in the carriage, and as usual the unsolicited advice was tendered.

"Don't you think it was very extravagant of you, my man, to give 30s. for a puppy. Now, if only you had invested the money in buying young pigs you might have fattened them up and—"
"Ay, and a bloomin' few I should 'a' looked, goin' ratten' wi' three little pegs." The Judge collapsed; there was nothing to say.

Of course, ideas differ on what constitutes a poem, but now that a volume of poems by Sir Wilfrid Lawson is announced, the definition of a "poet" must be taken to have a pretty wide significance, if one is to judge his productions by such as have already appeared in print. Here are two verses from a long effusion:—

Oh! think of the very bad drunkards there've been
Since the period of Noah's great fall
And how, through the ages, we've throttled the sin
If we'd only "black-listed" them all.
But, of course, the black list is but partially good
In arresting our national crime;
For the policy, if it is right understood,
Should be commenced in good time.

Only the Poet Laureate could rival this sort of thing. The one poetical thought which is recorded of Sir Wilfrid Lawson is in prose. It is, "I don't believe an angel could keep a public-house without doing harm."

FROM GIPSIES TO ARTISTS.

The Dimdale miniature, stolen from the National Portrait Gallery, bears upon the gilt mount, "Painted by Plimer." There were two Plimers, the brothers Andrew and Nathaniel, born in the middle of the seventeenth century of good Shropshire yeoman parentage. They started life by being apprenticed to the craft of clockmaking, but ran away with a band of gipsies. During their wandering life they earned their living by painting and decorating the caravans for show purposes, and so clever were they that when they decided to go back to civilisation they were offered all sorts of things by the gipsies to stay.

Andrew, the painter of the Dimdale miniature, found work in the house of Cosway, the favourite artist of the day, and aroused his interest by copying the miniatures in his studio. Cosway had him taught drawing, and he afterwards came to equal and even excel his master. Little is known of Nathaniel, except that he was a man of the most violent temper, and possessed of artistic power almost equal to his brother's.

There was a very amusing interview with the Marquis of Anglesey in one of the morning papers, yesterday. "He lives a retired life," says the interviewer, "amid perfumes, hair tonics, and cheap jewellery. A local tradesman has already sold him £100 worth of jewellery, while the hairdresser who attends him has been kept busy supplying hair washes, face creams, rouge and perfume." The Marquis's greatest excitement is the anticipation of the arrival of a new stick or jewel from Paris." Then after this he ends up by saying: "Lord Anglesey leaves one with the impression of a man whose tastes and lack of intellect have been enormously exaggerated."

THE JAP'S LETTER HOME.



Japanese soldiers writing to their wives and sweethearts telling the tale of a heavy day's fighting. The Japanese military authorities have made excellent arrangements enabling the soldiers on the field to write home almost daily.—(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

JAPANESE "LINES OF COMMUNICATION."



Japanese soldiers erecting telephone wires immediately after a big engagement in Manchuria. They use huge bamboo poles for supporting the wires.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

PORTRAITS OF PEOPLE IN T

KING OF SPAIN'S SISTER DEAD.

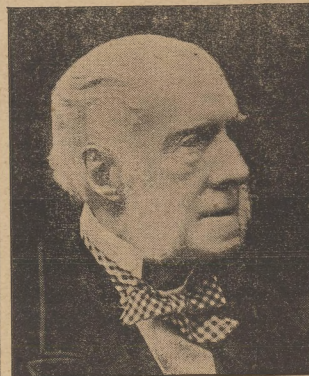
MR. ET



The sad death of the young Princess of the Asturias, who gave birth to a daughter on Sunday, is announced from Madrid. She was the elder sister of the King of Spain, and is seen above with her husband, Prince Carlos de Bourbon.

Mr. Ed
marria
of

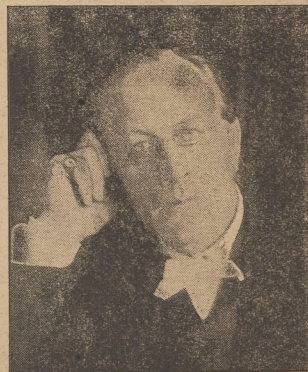
LATE MR. CHAS. MORTON AND HIS



Mr. Charles Morton, late manager of the Palace Theatre, and for sixty years provider of entertainments for the people, who died yesterday morning.—(Langfrier.)

Mr. Alfred Butt,
manager, who h
Morton's success
(

ETON'S HEAD TO RETIRE.



Dr. Warre, the famous headmaster of Eton, who has announced his intention of retiring at midsummer.—(Russell and Sons.)

Miss Blanch Ca
eldest son of Sir

THE DAY'S NEWS

WARD TERRY AND LADY HARRIS TO MARRY.



Ward Terry, the well-known actor-manager, and Lady Harris, whose it is announced, will take place shortly. Lady Harris is the widow of Augustus Harris, of Drury Lane fame.—(Ellis and Walery.)

SUCCESSOR.



The enterprising young man appointed Mr. Bart, who are to be married at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to-day.—(Gabell and Mayall.)

LAST NIGHT'S NEW PLAY.



Miss Madge McIntosh, who is playing Lady Hudspeith in the new one-act play, "The Decree Nisi," which now precedes "The Garden of Lies," at St. James's Theatre.—(Ellis and Walery.)

TO-DAY'S SOCIETY WEDDING.



Miss Winington, Bart., who are to be married at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to-day.—(Gabell and Mayall.)

JAPANESE THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORIES.



A crowd of Japanese entering the great Buddhist temple at Asakusa to lay offerings at the feet of the idols as a thanksgiving for the victories gained by their fellow-countrymen in the war.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

A RUSSIAN SOLDIER AND HIS JAPANESE PRISONERS.



A Russian taking some Japanese prisoners whom he captured within the Russian lines. The man with the beard is an "Aino," from Zezgo.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

What To Ask For at the Library and
What To Avoid.

THE FACE BEYOND THE DOOR.

By Coulson Kernahan. Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. 6d.
Purports to be a long conversation between the author and an angel on religious matters. Quite possibly the author would speak to an angel like that. It is very doubtful whether the angel would answer him in this one does.

Mr. Kernahan explains in the preface that "for one who is neither a scholar nor a theologian to come forward with even so small a book as this upon such a subject is perhaps an impertinence." Of course, he knows best about that.

THE BRETHREN.

By H. Rider Haggard. Cassell. 6s.

As usual Mr. Haggard's thrilling adventures take place in Africa, but he has selected a new period and new peoples. The time is that of the Crusades. The heroes—there is nothing to pick between them—are two brothers. The heroine, with whom they are both in love, is kidnapped from her peaceful English home by emissaries of Saladin and taken into weird places in the midst of African deserts, while the brothers follow and deliver her after such knightly feats as even Usmungops would never have dared.

The great interest of the book lies in trying to guess who is the favoured lover, and so well the mystery maintained that even when she does make her choice the reader feels confident that she would have chosen the other.

BLIND POLICY.

By George Manville Fenn. John Long. 6s.

A story of adventure in modern London. The hero, a doctor, attends a wounded man by dead of night in an unknown but suspicious mansion—falls in love with a superlatively lovely lady with a hunted look in her eyes, rescues her from the secret band of rich and socially successful criminals at the most deadly peril to his life, and then marries—someone else.

There are only two murders and two attempted murders, but the story is quite as thrilling as one could well stand.

THE MARRIAGE YOKE.

By Arabella Kenely. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

The love story of a hospital nurse, and a tragic one, too, exceedingly well told. The gradual awakening of the nurse from the almost nun-like abnegation of self, the result of her hospital life, on her entry into the outer world is delightful. Of course, she's beautiful, and, of course, she falls in love with the husband of a patient.

The train of events by which the love story grows, making it possible for them to marry—which they do not do—is short in time but quick in action. The comic relief is supplied by another nurse, who loves a white rat and plush photograph frames.

VANESSA.

By Constantine Ralli. Cassell. 6s.

The author, describes it as a prophetic story, and dedicates it to the American nation. The heroine, Vanessa, is an American girl, cold, hard, and selfish. She marries without love, and when her husband dies she allows herself to be flanked by a millionaire. Under his tuition she embarks upon the lowest sea of American politics, but throws her protector over directly he fails.

Revolvers, bloodshed, mobs, murders come with a rush in the latter half. The book is certainly stirring, but one hopes not prophetic.

CHARMS: OR AN OLD WORLD SENSATION.

By the Earl of Idelstigh. John Lane. 6s.

Deals with the times of George II. The plot of the story is founded on fact, but not so the dialogue. Still, it is very nice to meet royal personages on such an intimate footing as one does in this book.

"Did you taste our peach jelly at supper, Lady Alington?" says his Majesty George II.

"No, sir; I dislike peach jelly."

"I said our peach jelly. Have you ever tasted our peach jelly? No; then how do you know that you dislike it?"

Nice, unaffected man, the King, one gets quite to like him!

THE LOVERS OF LORRAINE.

By S. Walkey. Cassell. 6s.

A romance of Canada in the days of salons and political intrigue, spies, treachery, and secret missions. Most of the villainy is supplied by a beautiful French Princess, "a woman of entrancing loveliness—a woman with red-gold hair and eyes full of witchery, which had brought all the gay youth of Paris worshipping at her feet."

She has the pleasant task of making love for political reasons to an old lover whom she still loves. It is not exactly a new plot, but it is well handled and made the most of.

IN MID-ATLANTIC.

By Burford Delaney. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

A novel of the kind in which one man impermanently another whom he believes to be dead. Two friends—one rich, the other poor—are floating in mid-Atlantic on a fragile raft. The poor man drops off so that the other may be saved. Instead of being drowned he is somewhat miraculously preserved, and resolves to change his identity—and bank balance—for that of his rich but lamented friend. An additional interest lies in a heroine from behind the New York footlights.

HUNTING SUPERSTITIONS.

Odd Fancies and Beliefs That Affect
Riders to Hounds.

The litter of black foxes discovered in the Bedale country—where, as nearly everywhere else, hunting begins in the course of the next few days—has much perturbed members of that hunt. According to local tradition, a run after a black fox means disaster in some form or another.

By hunting people certain days in the week are considered more lucky than others. No sailor would start a voyage on a Friday. But many hunts hold their opening meets on a Friday, and boast that their best and most exciting runs have happened on this day of the week.

In any hunt it is considered unlucky to meet a hare going to cover.

In the north of England a certain stream is never crossed, no matter how tempting a quarry is streaming over the field beyond, because years and years ago a huntsman was drowned while fording it.

Another pack owns a spectral horseman, who appears from time to time at the meet, which has more than once been hurriedly dissolved.

Over in Ireland, where fact and fancy come into continual conflict, superstitions of all sorts are rife.

Long ago a notable fox-hunting squirrel was thrown and terribly mutilated. His body was not found for some hours afterwards, and when it was taken home one arm and hand were missing.

Search was made thoroughly, but the missing limb could not be found. Since then, on the anniversary of his death hunters declare they have been seeing him standing up in the ground, though when they have dismounted and tried to secure it has faded away into nothingness. This spot is now universally avoided by the whole countryside.

Hairs from a fox's brush are regarded in some parts of the country as a talisman against untoward happenings, and some riders keep a few tied together with green ribbon on their hunting saddle.

"THE DECREE NISI."

New Curtain-raiser to "The Garden of Lies"
at the St. James's.

In "A Wife Without a Smile" we have a husband who forgot to get his "decree nisi" made absolute. Mr. Joshua Bates's one-act play is about a husband who will of set purpose refrain from having his divorce made complete, because he finds that, after all, his wife was innocent, and really loves him still.

That is the whole story of "The Decree Nisi." Sir Adrian Hudsphrath has just won his suit against his wife and Dick Blundell. As soon as Lady Hudsphrath returns home from the court Dick calls to ask when she will marry him. She says in effect, "Never."

Then her husband arrives, in response to a summons from her, and is very soon convinced that she has done nothing wrong, that the evidence was untrustworthy, and that she wants to make it up.

Mr. Bates does not tell us in so many words that they do make it up, but that is the impression left on our minds when the curtain falls.

Miss Madge McIntosh (of whom we publish a portrait to-day on page 9) plays the wife with her usual charm of manner. Mr. Fulton is the husband, and Mr. Baker the "terrible quid."

"The Garden of Lies" was followed with complete interest last night, and Mr. George Alexander was as attractive as ever as the hero who wins the love of the distraught princess, in spite of his former devotion to the "little green devil" of asinthe.

LESS PAY, MORE BRAINS.

Japanese Army officers are admitted to be as efficient and capable as any in the world. Yet they are not at all highly paid. Here are their yearly rates of pay compared with those of British officers:

	Japanese.	British.
General	£600	£2,800
Lieutenant-General	400	2,000
Colonel	300	1,500
Major	115	383

First-class privates get 2s. 5d. a month, and second-class privates 10d. This, too, compares very favourably with Tommy Atkins's shilling a day.

NO USE FOR HONEYMOONS.

In Oklahoma, U.S.A., they are a practical folk. The day after wedding, according to one of their papers, instead of "spooning" around over the country, attracting the attention of everybody, looking sickeningly lovable and calling each other all kinds of sweet little "chestnuts," the newly-married may be found at work. It may be the bride will put out a big washing, while the other half will be found ploughing corn and carrying water simultaneously.

In fact, they do not have a honeymoon in the ordinary sense at all; they settle down to the routine of life with the one harmonious purpose of building up a comfortable and happy home.

Fashion authorities predict a great revival in the wearing of lace this season.

Even men, it is said, will wear lace boots.—"Punch."

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

Science and the Bible—Can They Be
Reconciled?

TO MOVE WITH THE TIMES.

I cannot understand why Mr. Balfour and others should put such a wide difference between religion and science. We must either believe the Bible as it stands, word for word, or must bring reason and scientific research to bear on those things in it which are so utterly unreasonable.

If we take the former view, of course religious progress is terminated, and religion must in time become a dead letter.
H. G. RABSON.

Mr. Balfour, as representing the Bible Evidence Society, appears to possess strange ideas as to what constitutes evidence.

Is astronomical and geological evidence to be waived in favour of a traditional origin of things?

On what grounds, too, is the statement of Jonah and the whale "historical?"

Surely Mr. Balfour is himself attempting the impossibility of swallowing the camel of credulity. Stratham Common. "STUDENT."

"NAPKIN OR SERVETTE."

I notice you quote a plea for the use of the "good old English word napkin," instead of the French "serviette," which should be relegated to "ignorant and foolish waiters and servants."

It is curious that this "good old English" word napkin is of rather hybrid origin. It comes, I take it, from "nappe," the French for tablecloth, and "kin," a Saxon diminutive—a particularly hideous combination.

Thus we are asked to use a debased French word instead of a perfectly good one. POOB-BAH.

Travellers' Club, S.W.

THE NEW "CANCER CURE."

I have only just seen Mr. Grant's letter re the new curative treatment for cancer and lupus investigated by me. I quite agree in the main with Mr. Grant's remarks, but would point out to him that unless someone became "financially interested" in a matter of this nature there would be little chance of ameliorating the terrible sufferings of the greater number of the victims of these fell diseases.

The "financial interest" has so far been a losing one, and in view of the large number of very poor cases who have to be treated free, is likely to remain so.

For Mr. Grant's information I may mention that the research work in connection with the treatment has already run into several hundreds of pounds.

IRVING GRAHAM (Major-General).
69, Gloucester-street, Warwick-square, Oct. 17.

TYPEWRITER WITHOUT NOISE.

Why does not some ingenious person invent a noiseless typewriter? I am sure it would have an instant and enormous success.

I started a typewriter for my secretary, but had to give it up because I could not stand the irritating tic-tac-tic-tac all day long.

There is a fortune in a typewriter without this disadvantage, I am sure. STOCKBROKER.
Old Broad-street.

"COSTER IN TEARS."

The case reported under the above heading must cause surprise to all persons of humane feeling, but scarcely in the sense expressed by the magistrate.

This gentleman, while acknowledging the justice of the prosecution by inflicting a fine, and ordering the destruction of the ill-treated horse, severely blamed the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for bringing up the case.

If poverty is to plead excuse for law-breaking, and if the tears of a cruel master can wash away an offence manifesting utter disregard for suffering, it is indeed a mockery to support a society which exists for the suppression of such acts as the working of agonised horses.

A SYMPATHISER WITH THE R.S.P.C.A.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

When lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds, too late, that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,

To hide her shame from every eye,

To give repentance to her lover,

And wring his bosom, is—to die.

Oliver Goldsmith.

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In 18 chapters, including: The Choice of a Wife; The Honeymoon; One-sided Happiness; Incompatibility; Woman's Rights; Naughty Tempers; Filtration; Not to be Read by Young Ladies; The Model Wife, &c.
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Publishers' Announcements.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

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THE RIDDLE
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convinced that Haeckel has said the
last word, and that all religion is a
miserable superstition."

(*"Daily Mail," Oct. 13.*)

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YOU SHOULD READ

MARIE CORELLI'S

Trenchant Article

"Society & Sunday"

In the
OCTOBER

"LONDON MAGAZINE."

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Dr. JOSIAH STRONG.
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Garden City Press, Ltd., Hitchin.

TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

CHAPTER XXIX.

To the Rescue.

Stephen had been right. They did not remove him from the Place of the Light until the following morning. He knew that it was morning when it broke, because the dawn crept in greyly through some hidden window, turning the dying wicks of the hanging lamps to palest saffron, filling the room with a cold radiance. He had not slept all the night, his fevered brain had conned and re-conned the words whispered to him by the mysterious woman: "There is a friend near you, one who will help you."

After the breaking of day he dozed fitfully, and dreamed of Hilda, Hilda in a wonderful dress of cloth of gold, leading him into a star-spangled meadow where the velvet grass, drenched with dew, was as the healing of heaven to his poor, aching feet. They spoke no words one to the other, but by some beautiful instinct he knew that she at last understood his love for her and returned it. He was happy.

He woke to find his bearded persecutor bending over him, regarding him with a strange insensibility. Their eyes met. He was conscious that his glance was the glance of a dumb brute, rather than that of a man. The Indian did not speak, but continued to regard him steadfastly, and as Stephen's almost magnetised glance did not falter, the man made a movement as though he would strike him in the face.

Stephen winced, covering back as well as his bonds permitted him, and it appeared as though the other's action had been a feint, for he did not repeat it, or carry his threat into effect. Instead he muttered an exclamation of annoyance and surprise beneath his breath.

It did not occur to Stephen until long afterwards that the man had thought to find him mad, imbecile, bereft of his reason, and was disappointed.

Then, as in his prison the previous day, green-turbaned servants caught up the stretcher on which he lay; the cloth was rolled up, and he was flung over him, and he was carried back through the maze of corridors to his prison.

They undid the silken cords which bound him, removed the stretcher, and left him alone.

For the first time Stephen essayed to walk across the room; the movement was the most exquisite torture to his maimed feet, yet he repeated it, buoyed up to the seventh heaven of anticipation and hope by the woman's whispered words. He was trying to see if it would be possible for him, were she to provide a way of escape, to do his part. The second attempt, though still painful, seemed less so than the first.

He flung him down on the bed and waited. Nothing happened. No one came near him; he was not even provided with the food to which he was accustomed. This was no hardship. Who could have eaten food with anything approaching satisfaction in such a place, at such a time?

But he was thirsty. He missed the water—the cool, blessed water—that slaked the intolerable burning of his throat. Were they going to add starvation, the horrors of thirst, to the rest of his tortures? Surely not; hunger and thirst were things too commonplace for these epicures of torture.

He forgot that thirst is one of the greatest incentives to madness.

The day passed slowly, intolerably slowly, and now he began to despair. The woman had mocked him; she had been in league with his persecutors; she was a new addition to his torture, a vision of the evil one, to raise cruel hopes within his breast.

The light began to die. Desolation, terrible, overwhelming, more bitter than death, came on the wretched man. He called on the walls to fall on him, the roof to cover him. He lived again through the tortures of the awful world, and shrieked and raved; the pain of his thirst was as unbearable that he cried like a child.

He did not hear the door open; he had fallen back on the bed after his last paroxysm. He started up with a hoarse cry, as someone touched him.

It was the woman who had called herself his friend. Even in his semi-consciousness, the sight of her soothed him. Despite his desperate thirst, enough of reason remained to enable him to respect the gesture of silence and caution which she made. Supporting him with her arm, she held a glass to his lips. Never was nectar more delicious, more pacifying, than this draught of mingled wine and water.

He looked at her as he might have looked at an angel, with just such a dawning gratitude and awe. She had set a brass hand-lamp on the floor, and by its light he saw her plainly. She was very young, barely more than sixteen, perhaps, slight and pretty, with a wild, free grace of carriage. Her skin, though not fair, had a golden tinge that was very beautiful; her mouth was full and red, like a pomegranate blossom.

Somehow, to Stephen it seemed that she was like one of the wild red anemone flowers which

had sprung up in the meadow of his dream, the meadow where he and Hilda walked.

"You must be very quiet," she said in a sweet voice with a curious sing-song intonation. "My name is Channa, and I am going to help you to get away from here. You are not really wicked?"

He shook his head, and tried to take her hand in his maimed one to raise it to his lips, but she drew back with a little look of horror. "I can't let you do that," she whispered. "I am in letting you do that, she pointed to his hands and feet, and shook her head with abhorrence—"it is too cruel. I could not see them suffer again."

"And you will get me out of this?" he asked hoarsely. "Can I trust you?" He searched her face with eyes from which the madness had not yet died.

She smiled and nodded reassurance at him. "Channa has spoken," she replied in the same low whisper. "Yet if she were discovered," she made an eloquent little movement with her hands, "her punishment would be heavy, seeing she is a believer. Now, look you, here is a disguise."

She held up a tunic and trousers of white jean, similar to the costume of the green-turbaned servants, but not one detail was wanting, from turban to sock.

She motioned him to seat himself with a gesture of command; then quickly and deftly, as she would have treated a child, she sponged his face with walnut juice and rubbed in the stain with the tips of her fingers. He had no idea what she was doing; the touch of even her gentle finger-tips on his face was pain, yet he submitted implicitly, content to leave himself in her hands.

The dressing was a matter of pain and distress to him. He could not do anything to help her; his hands were useless, he was half faint with pain, paralysed with fear. Every moment he expected the door to open and one of his persecutors to appear. But there was not a sound; all around them the silence was unbroken.

She sat on his knees and strove to appease it. "Do not be afraid, poor fellow," she said in her sing-song voice. "No one will come near you till to-morrow; then they will expect to find—"

"She did not finish her sentence, but Latham understood they would expect to find him mad.

Several times during this strange toilet the man would have fainted from pain but for the cordial she held to his lips. Yet, despite his weakness, his heart bounded with a strange joy, the thought of freedom. No wonder as to how he could make his escape from his prison came to him, no thought of what he would do, penniless and maimed, when he found himself in the London streets. He trusted to God to help him, restore his faith in his hands.

The girl had been able to provide no covering for his feet; he could not have borne it if she had. They were banded, however, and she covered the bandages with some dark rags. Over the whole costume she flung a huge cloak.

Latham's appearance was ghastly. He looked like a spectre. The stain seemed to accentuate the outline of his sharpened features, the turban did not quite conceal the whitened patch of hair above his ears.

At last he was ready. Leaning his weight on the arm which Channa offered him, the journey began across the room to the door. He would need his whole unaided strength later, so she told him, and he realised the truth of what she said.

For the first time Stephen saw what lay outside his prison. The long corridor, such as might be formed by the junction of two semi-detached houses; the floor was uncarpeted and of stone, which struck chill to his burning feet. He was hardly aware of the pain, however; the hope which burned in his heart, making it pound against his side like some mad thing, consumed him, dominated his every sensation.

He was free. He did not admit the possibility to himself of capture, he entertained no doubt of the woman upon whom he leaned as he went forward.

Half-way down the corridor was a door. As they reached it it opened and a woman came out. Stephen felt Channa's arm contract beneath his own; but although the woman glanced at them curiously she made no comment, gave no greeting, but passed on before them along the corridor.

For a moment Stephen was conscious of a terrible fear. What if she but hurried on to acquaint his jailers that their caged bird had escaped? He whispered a fear to his companion.

She shook her head, making a gesture commanding him to silence. They hastened on.

At the end of the corridor was a sharp turning which led to a steep flight of stairs. Could he descend them? Each step was as a knife-thrust through his feet. With his teeth set in his lips he climbed down as it were a ladder of swords.

Once, and once only, Channa spoke. "Courage," she whispered. "Courage."

Yet another corridor, desolate, empty, echoing, and now Latham suffered the terrors of the grave. He could never escape, the place was impenetrable. Vague stories of Inquisition tortures flitted through his mind. At the end, after this agony, he would be met perhaps by the blue-gowned, shaven-headed priest, who would lead him back blandly, repeating his suave question: "Son, would you leave us?"

Now they were in a flagged hall, bare also, as though unfurnished; only, in the wall, as it seemed, his worried eyes discerned a semi-circle of light, the faint glow above a door.

Could it be true? His breath came hoarsely and

gaspingly from his parted lips; he could hear the beating of his heart, loud and fast. Was this freedom at last? A door which led out once more to God's free earth, his expanse of heaven? Channa gently disengaged her arm. "At last," she whispered.

He shut his eyes. He was suffocating. The hope leaped within him like some live thing; he felt his brain reeling in the delirium of his expectation. There was a sound of stealthily drawn bolts, the faint clanking of a chain, the turn of a key.

The door opened. He felt the breath of night air on his face, and opened his eyes. The sky, that was what he saw first, star-spangled, clear, a dingy London pavement, a mean street, more beautiful to him in that moment than any vision of the Jerusalem above, seen by the divine Apostle.

Channa laid her hand on his arm. "Hasten," she said. "Close by the wall, as swiftly as you can. Once round the corner you will be safe, I think."

She held up her face to him with a certain invitation in her eyes. The peoples of the East understand not the art of kissing; apparently she had learned of the West and understood, yet the blood rushed to her face in the darkness as his parched lips met hers.

"Take this," she whispered. "I have not much money, it is all I have, but it will get you food, lodging, and perhaps you can sell this."

She thrust a little packet into the bosom of his tunic, and before he could thank her she had disappeared, engulfed by the darkness of the house. He stood for an instant, alone, free.

How strange it all seemed to him. He felt faint and sick with pain and fear, and—though he did not know it—the lack of food. Hugging the wall, he passed the length of what seemed to him a well-nigh interminable street, and emerged at last into a lighted thoroughfare, empty save for an occasional slow crawling hansom and a policeman.

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He stopped and leaned against some railings. Although he was almost incapable of connected thought, he realised that he was not fit to be alone, and that if he spent the night in the street, without help or food, death would very possibly put an end both to his freedom and his pain.

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GENERAL; disengaged; housework; cook; wait table; £12; reference—Ford, 135, Cowley-rd., Oxford.

GENERAL; £12; disengaged; 3 years' character; wash; cook; all work—321, London-rd., Reading.

Maid (French-Swiss) desires situation; personal references; good needlework; dressmaker—Write Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Domestic.

COOK GENERAL (plain) wanted; age 22 to 26 years; wage £18; comfortable home—Apply Mrs. N. 16, Lower Grosvenor-st., W. No registry office need apply.

COOK GENERAL wanted for small place; £2 in family; wages £20—Call at once, Mrs. N. 45, New Bond-st., W.

COOK wanted for Hampton Court Palace; one lady; wages £20—Call at once, Mrs. N. 45, New Bond-st., W.

COOKS WANTED—A little book "Try it," by Mrs. Humphry, "Made," of "Truth," showing how to make daily dishes, with a saving of time and money, will be forwarded post free to any address, along with a sample of Freshly Delivered, and a list of all householders, housekeepers, and cooks are invited to write at once (postpaid) will do to Freeman's "Try it," 11, Fleet-st., London, E.C.

GENERAL Servant wanted; aged about 35; to do family; washing sent out; personal references—Mrs. Procter, Rose Villa, Fulham-park, S.W.

HOUSE-PAINTERS wanted for a flat in town; small family; wages £20—£22—Write Y. A., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

HOUSE-PAINTERS wanted for Hampton Court Palace; small family; wages £20—£22—Write Y. A., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

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TWO Unfurnished Rooms to let; use small kitchen and bathroom (hot and cold); nice neighborhood; near 2 railways and electric tram; 10; no advertising; reference required—Apply Hinton House, Cowley-rd., Uxbridge.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TRIAL order solicited; high-class tailoring on easy payment; post to measure—Woods and Grellie, 76, Forest, E.C.

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DAINTY TEETH FOR LADIES—We are artists in teeth; every set a special study; sets, £1, £2, £3, £4, £5; single teeth, 6d. to 1s. 6d.—The People's Teeth Association, 138, Strand, London, W.C.

DEAFNESS AND NOISES IN HEAD—Gentleman (Cured Himself) will send particulars of his cure to Mr. J. Clifton, 21, Amberley House, 36, Waterloo-rd., London.

DRINK CRAVING REMOVED in 48 hours, and normal health and self-control restored—Lady Henry Somerset states: "Dr. Oppenheimer has a remedy which must be an inestimable boon to drunkards."—For full information apply Oppenheimer Institute, Thane House (Opp. Law Courts), Strand, W.C.

FAMILIES Removing—Dell's Pantechnicon, Orville-rd., Battersea, London—Write for estimate, free.

HAIR DESTROYER—James' Depilatory instantly removes superfluous hair from face, neck, arms, and legs, without injury to skin. Of most chemists; or, free from observation, postal order for 1s. 3d. or 2s. 6d.—Mrs. M. James, 20, Chelmsford-rd., London.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; all should call or forward by post; full value per return or offer made—Messrs. M. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 135, Oxford-st., London (estab. 100 years).

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; good prices given; money returned on return—Messrs. V. Pearce, 10, Granville-rd., Epsom, Brighton.

POLYPUS, Deafness, Deafness of Sight, Etc., and all diseases of the Ear, Nose, and Throat, cured by Dr. Oppenheimer's perfectly harmless remedy—Particulars free of charge from Dr. Oppenheimer, 10, White Lion-st., London, E.C.

REPTILES—Colwell's new Soft Band Truss; perfect comfort; the greatest success, effective where all other treatments have failed—Write for particulars, Colwell, 116, Newington-causway, London, S.E.

SIX TIMES TOO MUCH COAL BURNED—Write Sugar S. House Mills Company, Bradford.

Other Small Advertisements on pages 12 and 13.

(To be continued.)

RENEWING BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Rapid Progress Made in the Work of Improving the Front.

Good progress is being made with the work of altering the front of Buckingham Palace, and the King is understood to have expressed approval of what has been done. It is expected that the change will be completed in about three weeks.

The re-erected railings are being gilded at the top, and the effect is very striking. The very effective ornamentation of the old stone pillars has been preserved, and on the new pillars the monogram "E.R." is being carved.

The two principal flank pillars—one near the foot of Constitution Hill and the other near Buckingham Palace—have projections which will eventually be carved to represent Imperial crowns, and every will have for its capital a carved globe, upon which the prominent design will be the rose, shamrock, and thistle.

Between the railings and the roadway—where people used to stand to witness the starting of Royal processions, the changing of the guard, and other such things—there is to be a flat grassy area, which in wet weather was apt to become a quagmire, has been covered with York stone, making a pavement thirty feet broad.

CLEVER COLOUR SCHEMES TO ENHANCE BEAUTY—TO-DAY'S DINNER.

ROOMS THAT MAKE YOU LOOK WELL.

A CRITICAL CHOICE OF WALL-PAPERS NECESSARY.

Though every woman will admit that she can enhance her beauty greatly by the frock she wears, it seldom seems to strike her that she can brighten it far more by the wall-papers and cretonnes with which she surrounds herself.

Some few women do understand how important is the choice of wall-papers, from the point of view of a background, and are trying very interesting, and in many cases successful, experiments in choice. One hostess finds that a colour which suits her one day will not be so becoming the next—a fact that is not grasped by many. She therefore has all her sofas and chairs

The same may be said of a rich dark brown. Green brings out all the gold in light brown hair, but also accentuates all the yellow in the complexion, so should be avoided by the yellow. Rose colour, though charming in theory, is very trying, and must be dressed up to, for it utterly spoils numbers of other tints brought in contact with it.

THE MOMENT'S MILLINERY.

Picturesque and historical fashions are controlling the milliners' inspirations now, just as they are the dressmakers', for the hats that accompany the delightfully quaint, old-time gowns that are modish must perforce be in accordance with them. So felt hats with broad undulating brims, soft and exquisitely becoming velvet millinery, with sweeping plumes, soft rosettes of ribbon, and, perhaps, an exquisitely wrought and jewelled buckle, may be taken as the type of what the fashionable hat will be for the current and coming season.

The way in which the crowns of these same hats vary and still remain in excellent taste is not by any means the least of their attractions. The mignon

are those exquisite but expensive ones that are a yard and even more in length and are simply draped round a broad-brimmed shape that requires no other trimming.

Perhaps the prettiest, though it must be confessed a somewhat conspicuous, item in the new millinery modes is the use of long streamers of velvet, ribbon, or lace. True, we have seen them in tulle on some of the summer chapeaux, but in the picturesque shapes that rule the later mode they are more decidedly fascinating.

One of the latest and most acceptable novelties offered is the moiré silk hat, in all the most delicate tints. There is a hardness on the surface of this silk that demands something very soft and fluffy in the way of trimmings, and hence it is that yards upon yards of fluffy ruchings and the foamiest of ostrich plumes, or perhaps some long-haired fur, are all used in this connection.

TO-DAY'S DINNER.

Tomato Soup.
Cod and White Sauce.
Veal Stewed with Rice.
Queen Victoria Pudding.

TOMATO SOUP.

Slice one onion, one small turnip, one stick of celery, and 1lb. of fresh tomatoes. Cut the onion into slices and also the tomatoes. Cut

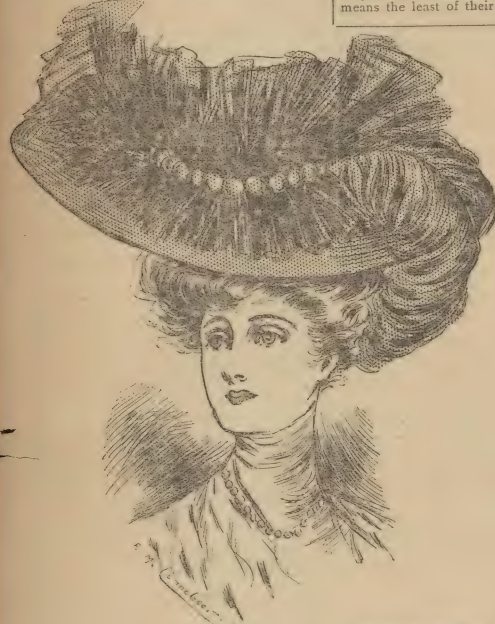
the yolks of two eggs, and pour it over the fish. Do not let the sauce boil. Time to cook, half to three-quarters of an hour.

VEAL STEWED WITH RICE.

Wash well two cups of rice. Place it in a stew-pan with two or three large, sliced onions, half a teaspoonful of ground ginger, pepper and salt. Place three pounds of the best neck of veal on top of the rice; cover the rice with good stock, or if water be used add two teaspoonfuls of extract of meat. Simmer it gently for five hours. Serve the meat in the centre of the dish, and pour the rice and gravy over it.

QUEEN VICTORIA PUDDING.

Take the weight of three eggs in flour, likewise in sugar, and also in butter. Mix the butter and sugar well together, then add the flour and lastly the eggs, and when these are well mixed put in a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Well grease two round cake tins. Divide the mixture into equal parts and bake them in separate tins in a quick oven. When cooked place them on a strainer till they are quite cold. Take a dessert-spoonful of whisky, one of sherry, and one of any liqueur, mix these together, and pour them over the cakes. Have sixpenny-worth of cream whipped, add a few chopped almonds, and put a layer of this on one of the rounds of the cake, and place the other cake on the top. Then take the rest of the cream and cover the whole of the pudding with it. Make the cream quite smooth with a knife dipped into hot water. Halve some preserved cherries and chop some pistachio nuts, and garnish the pudding with them.



A SMART
HAT
FROM PARIS.



In Paris strings of big turquoise blue beads are worn on the newest millinery, and above is depicted a grey felt hat with a grey feather and a ruche of blue tulle centred by a string of turquoises round the crown. On the right is shown a smart castor brown riding-coat, piped in rays down the back, and furnished with a couple of capes and very smart sleeves. Huge bronze clasps fasten the wrap in front.

beauty will favour the high sugar-loaf crown or the more pointed steeple crown with her picturesque chapeau, knowing full well that she can add rather more than an inch or two to her height in this manner. Her tall and slender sister will prefer a crown of the drum variety, or, perhaps, the Tam o' Shanter one that appears on so many of the new hats.

That the plume-trimmed model will queen it among the autumn and winter modes is a foregone conclusion. And in anticipation of this the manufacturers are sending forth the most fascinating novelties in plumes that have been seen for many a long day. Of course the straight ostrich feather, either of one colour or shaded in many tints, is seen everywhere.

Feathers of all lengths are fashionable. Groups of small tips, known as Prince of Wales's feathers, are for small and closely-fitting velvet toques as modish as can be, and there are longer tips of about a quarter to half a yard in measurement, which are used in many numbers, while finally there

up the vegetables, and fry all a golden brown. Then place the whole in a saucepan with one quart of good stock, and let it simmer gently for four or five hours. Season it with pepper, salt, a dessert-spoonful of brown sugar, and the same quantity of vinegar. Pass it through a fine sieve. If it requires thickening use a little potato flour at discretion. Put two pennyworth of cream in a soup tureen, as the soup must not boil after the cream is added.

COD AND WHITE SAUCE.

Take as many slices of cod fish as are necessary, about two inches in thickness, and place them in a baking-tin that has first been rubbed with a pod of garlic. Season them with salt and pepper, two ounces of butter, one ounce of grated parmesan cheese, half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, and one pint of milk. Cover the tin tightly (not to let the steam escape) and cook the fish very slowly in oven. When the fish is cooked place it in a hot entree dish, thicken the sauce over the fire with

covered with brown holland, and her wall papered with the same shade, giving the colour she requires for her room to cushion-covers, lamp-shades, table-cloths, and so on.

The general tone of the room being neutral, it is only necessary to change these et ceteras to bestow upon it an entirely different appearance. When she is looking pale she will have them all in red and pink, and receives her guests looking charming in a red gown. But if she has just come back from a week-end at Brighton with a rosy complexion she will bring forth her set of mauve cushions, fill her vases with lilac flowers, and find her mauve candle and lamp-shades.

Scarlet Floor and White Walls.

Another, a brunette beauty, inspires the admiration of her callers when they find her in a room of which the walls are cream and the floor brilliant sealing-wax red, glimpses of which are seen between the nondescript rugs spread on them. The curtains are mauve, and her favourite floral decorations for this unique, but most attractive, apartment are geraniums and rhododendrons, that intensify the dominant tones of the room.

A very pretty dark lady has her whole flat decorated, as is a favourite fashion nowadays, entirely in one colour. The walls and carpets are all of bright sealing-wax red. The paint is white, and all the pictures are framed in black and gold Hogarth frames. Only a vivid style of beauty can stand these brilliant surroundings; but given this necessity they are a great success.

Don't Choose Terra-cotta.

Meanwhile a universally becoming background is a wall paper in a putty or cream shade. There is one drawing-room within the knowledge of the writer which has the effect of always making its occupants look their very best. This has white walls and curtains, and chair-covers of pink and red hollyhock chintz. The floor is covered with green Kalmuc and scattered Oriental rugs. The reason of the success of this very simple scheme is that both cream and pink are almost universally becoming to fresh English complexions.

Terra-cotta, on the other hand, positively clashes with English colouring. Dark blue makes a satisfactory background; both fair and dark women look well against it, and it is very fashionable.

MME. DOWDING,

Prif wneuthurwr

Bron-gaerlau.

(DAN NAWDD BRENHINOL
AC URDDASOL.)



"Taffena Fach"

From 2/- to 6 Guineas.

A certain cure for Obesity—a Specialty of Madame Dowding's Corsets—and are daily recommended by the leading physicians of the day for STOMACH, INDIGESTION, and OBESITY, which can be reduced without the slightest inconvenience. Also braces up the figure, and gives freedom of movement to every member.

MME. DOWDING, Corsetiere,
8 & 10, CHARING CROSS ROAD,
(Opposite the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square).
Gentlemen's Belts and Corsets a Specialty.
(All communications in Belt Department strictly confidential.)

SEARLE'S Bargain Bundle OF Winter Comforts

30/-

CONTENTS:

- 1 Pair full-sized genuine warm Winter Blankets.
- 1 Pair 80-inch Twill or Plain Household Sheets, ready hemmed, 6 yards long.
- 2 Superfine Pillow Cases, to button.
- 1 Extra-large Tapestry Quilt, superb pattern (finished).

ON RECEIPT OF

2/6 Deposit and balance 4/- Monthly

We will at once forward you the above parcel, carriage paid. No references or securities of any kind required. Sample parcel sent on approval, free of all carriage charges. Deposit returned in full if goods are not approved of. 2/- in the 2nd discount for cash.

H. J. SEARLE & SON Ld.
(Dept. C) 70, 72, 74, 76 & 78, Old Kent Rd.
LONDON (City End).

THE BRITISH RING SYNDICATE
(Dept. 31), 86, New Street, Birmingham.

WORKER'S AILMENTS

AN ARCHITECT'S EXPERIENCE.

The rush and competition of modern business life is such that to-day scores of men and women know perfectly well what is meant by brain fag. Mr. Sam Rawson, a Bradford architect, living in Carlisle Terrace, Manningham, suffered for many years from ailments brought on by brain fag. He has now been restored to health by Bile Beans, and says:—

"I attributed my illness to brain fag. At times I had severe bilious attacks, and then for some weeks I would feel greatly depressed. No matter what I did I could get no relief from this terrible depression. When these attacks were upon me I lost all interest in things and was really downright miserable. My mind was never at rest, and I could scarcely sleep at nights. I also suffered great pains in my head. These were so acute at times that they affected my sight, and I really thought they would drive me mad. I had started in business on my own account, but had to give it up because of this continued illness. I paid pounds in doctors' bills, but got very little relief. What little I did obtain was only temporary.

"I had often heard of Chas. Forde's Bile Beans, and as a last hope I one day determined to give them a trial. To-day I am in my present healthy condition solely through their use. I began to improve very quickly after I commenced taking them regularly. They seemed to go right to the spot at once, and I am now completely restored to health."



A LADY CLERK'S TEST OF BILE BEANS.

Miss A. Campbell, of Moncrieff Street, Peckham, writes:—

"Three years ago I was engaged as a lady clerk in the office of a City firm, and had to be at my work by 8.30 every morning. One morning I awoke with a violent headache, and for the next three months it scarcely ceased! Then there came a nasty sickness in the morning, followed by dizziness and occasionally faintness during the day. I attended the Women's Hospital for months, after having advice from three doctors. Yet it was in vain.

"After trying everything I could get, and doctor's medicine and hospital treatment so long, with so poor result, I adopted a friend's advice—gave up everything else and tried what Bile Beans could do for me.

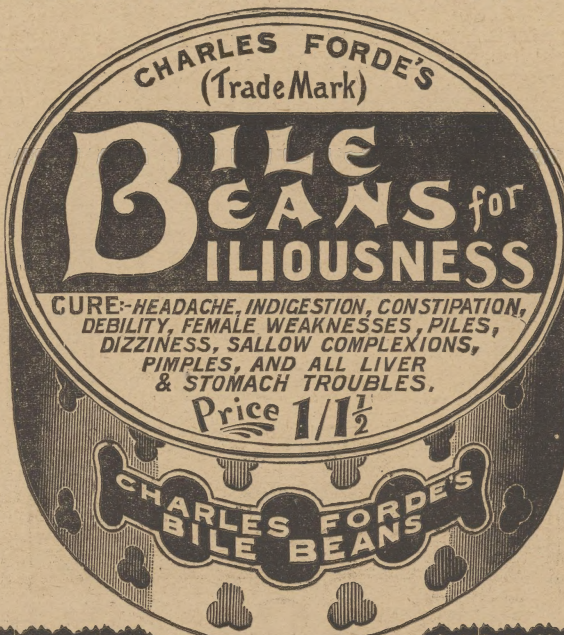
"Before the third box was finished I was like a new woman. In two months they cured me, whereas doctors had failed to do so in two years. I am writing this letter almost a year after my cure, and during that time I have had no recurrence of my old symptoms."

Bile Beans are Not Sold Loose, being put up in Sealed Boxes Only.



COLDS and CHILLS.

The approach of winter in our northern climate is always accompanied by an epidemic of colds, chills, influenza, rheumatism, etc., and the reason for this is not far to seek. The change of season from the variable temperatures of autumn to the icy chill of winter is not attended by a corresponding change in the human system; hence the hundred and one ailments so common at this time. To be in a state to throw off colds, chills, etc.—with their more serious consequences when contracted—the body should be in the very pink of condition. This can rarely be attained without some assistance being given to the organs. What is required is some natural stimulant which will not overtax the organs, so that when its use is discontinued they will be weaker than they were before, but which will assist them to do the additional work required of them, and at the same time strengthen and invigorate them. Bile Beans for Biliousness fulfil all these requirements. Their composition is purely vegetable; their action on the stomach, liver, and kidneys is mild, and has the effect of so bracing the system that winter's cold and wet lose their terror and their power to injure.



MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

If you suffer from any ailment, and are in doubt as to whether Bile Beans will cure you, write to our medical staff for free advice. State age, and if married or single. Mark letter "Private," and it will be treated as strictly confidential. Address: Bile Bean Co., Leeds.

AN EFFECTIVE AND WHOLESOME REMEDY.

Bile Beans for Biliousness are the safest family medicine, and a certain cure for Headache, Constipation, Piles, Colds, Liver Chill, Influenza, Rheumatism, Liver Troubles, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Palpitation, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Debility, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Anaemia, and all Female Ailments. Obtainable of all Medicine Vendors, or post free from the Bile Bean Co., Red Cross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of price, 1/1 per box, or large family size, containing three times quantity small size, 2/9.

SAMPLE BOX FREE

To obtain a free sample Box of Bile Beans for Biliousness—and a Book on liver and digestive ailments—send your name and address, the accompanying Coupon, and a 1d. stamp (to cover return postage) to the Bile Bean Co., Leeds.

COUPON
"Daily Mirror,"
19/10/04.

PURELY VEGETABLE.